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Summary: Harry can't stop dreaming of his daughter, Avery. Is he attracted to her? Or is his past with Ginny coming back to haunt him?

WARNING: This story contains incest.

A/N: I've always had this quirk with Harry and his daughter getting things "going on" so if you'll forgive me for my oddly satisfying fantasy...I daresay that you other quirky people out there will really enjoy this story. Please read, review, and let me know what you think! Enjoy!!!

Chapter One: A Concentration Conflict

"Here, dad, do you want me to help you?" Her voice was delicate as it was erotic. He felt her brush up against him, the faint smell of her perfume on her neck, as she slightly rubbed her hand against his in reaching out to see the paper he was reading.

"Ooh, this doesn't look good," she said taking the paper off his desk and holding it in her hand, the other hand near her face, her index finger tracing the outline of her lips.

"Mmm," she sighed, "definitely not good, daddy." Dammit, girl, do you know how bad you turn me on when you fucking say daddy like that? He felt her hand gently settle on his shoulder as he shook his leg, realizing that he was getting hard. Please don't let her notice my bulging pants.

"You know what? I know just the remedy for a situation like this," she purred, leaning over just enough so that he could see the outline of breasts down her shirt. He swallowed rather hard, his erection not getting any smaller.

"Wh—what's that?" He stammered trying not to stare at her beautiful cleavage.

"Well," she said mischievously, straddling him in his swivel chair, "I think that you need to relax, and just have a good time and forget

about what everyone else in the world needs for once.” He could feel himself shaking slightly as she wrapped her arms around his neck, thinking about how his pants were the only thing keeping his dick from touching her beautiful clit.

“I want you, daddy,” she whispered into his ear, making him moan out loud. Holy fuck. She leaned in and he felt the warmth of her face as she slowly protrude her gorgeous, sexy lips toward his. Oh, yes...this is it. I’m going to kiss my baby girl. He was about to engulf his daughter’s lips when—

Beep! Beep! Beep! Damn alarm! Harry hit the button and sat straight up in bed, rubbing his eyes and ruffling his black locks. Shit! I almost fucking kissed her this time! This is not good. I need to stop having such perverted dreams. Harry shook his head, yawned, and hopped out of bed, noticing in the mirror that he indeed did have a real erection. Pervert. Why me?

He got in the shower, the warm water sliding down his muscular, pale body as he lathered up in soap and rinsed. He couldn’t help but jack off since he was already hard, but he forced himself not to think of his dream. She’s your daughter, Harry. You have to stop it. It’s wrong! He couldn’t help it. He thought about the dream, and he got off to the thought of his cock almost touching her. She had smelt so good, and she was being so naughty. Harry liked that in a girl.

When Harry stepped out of the shower, he wrapped the towel that had an “H” on it that Ginny had given him for Christmas the year before she died. He had never gotten rid of it because she had made it herself. She had used a little bit of magic for the stitching of the letter “H,” but nonetheless, she had made it, and it had been one of the only things, besides his memory of Ginny, Harry possessed that comforted him and made him feel as if everything was right in the world.

Harry had dated Ginny in his sixth year at Hogwarts, everyone knew, but he felt obligated to break it off for her safety after Dumbledore had died. Since he fought the war in his seventh year, and finished Voldemort off once and for all, he decided that getting back with Ginny would be perfect for him. She had always been the perfect girl

that any man would ever dream of. She was sweet, beautiful, sexy, and loving. And she was simple in her beauty. She wasn't one of those extravagant women who tried to cover up her true beauty with eyeliner and mascara, but showed herself as she was. Harry had always admired her for that.

After asking Ginny out for a second time, and after her saying yes, Harry and Ginny had been inseparable. Harry had asked Ginny to marry him in her seventh year at Hogwarts when she was seventeen and he was eighteen. The wedding was soon after her graduation, and everyone that both of them had ever cared for or loved was there. On their honeymoon, Harry had gotten Ginny pregnant with their first and only child. Ginny had been so thrilled to find out it was a girl, as was Harry. Ginny had consistently told Harry that he would be an amazing father, and he knew that raising his daughter as a single parent for sixteen years that she must have been right.

Harry constantly wished that he could've reversed the past. Losing Ginny after three years of marriage and having a daughter that was only a year old was the hardest thing that Harry had ever had to go through. Losing his parents had been extremely tough for Harry, but he was too young to actually remember it, so it didn't affect him as much. And as far as losing Sirius went, that was the hardest thing for Harry up until the point of losing the one woman he had ever loved. His love for Ginny had been true, pure, and perfect. She was the only girl that he had ever loved, and he wanted it to remain that way. Losing her to the evil Death Eaters who had tried to summon up a group to get evil started up again and start more destruction in the world was now the hardest thing Harry had to live with. He had always felt as though he were to blame for not being more cautious, but Ron and Hermione had reassured him more than once that no one would've been able to save her and prevent her death, not even Harry.

Harry laid the towel on his bed after he had dried himself off, and went to his closet to put on his suit that he had just gotten cleaned. He pulled it out, took everything off the hanger, and laid it on his bed before going to his underwear drawer. He pulled out a pair of black briefs, and also put on a pair of black socks. He slid on his pants, threw on a black tank, and then slid his arms through the long

sleeved button-down. He began buttoning his shirt when he heard a knock at the door.

"Yeah, come on in," he said looking in the mirror at his hair. Why can't you work for just one day out of my pitiful little life, huh? He looked away from the mirror since it was causing him to become irritated, and saw his daughter, Avery, standing there with a tank-top and jean shorts on.

"Hey," she said smiling at him, "do you mind?" She inquired motioning to entering the room. Harry shook his head.

"Not at all. What's up?" He said glancing back at the mirror trying to concentrate on his buttons.

"Well, the train leaves in a half hour, and you said you were going to drop me off because of your paranoia or whatever," she giggled smiling at him as she sat on his bed, crossing her legs and resting her hand on her chin.

"Shit, half an hour?" Harry asked once again turning away from the mirror, now tucking his shirt in.

"Yeah, but don't worry, we have plenty of time...the way you drive," she laughed quietly more to herself than aloud. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he said smirking as he listened to the melodious laughter that was filling the room. Harry hustled to get his suit coat, and quickly used magic to put on his tie. "Perfect," he said looking into the mirror one more time.

"Almost," came Avery's voice behind him. He could see her coming closer to him in the mirror. He felt her hand at his waist. His heart skipped a beat. He quickly licked his lips. He felt a tug at his waistline and felt her hand go down slightly in his pants near his ass, and then retrieve it.

"Your suit was caught in your pants," she giggled covering her mouth, then uncovering it and pursing her lips together to try and conceal the

laugh that had not yet ceased. "Come on, I wouldn't mind a hot chocolate on the way."

As she turned to leave, Harry couldn't help but watch as her tight little ass wiggled out of the room. She smiled at him before closing the door, and he had stood there smiling back, feeling obvious as hell and stupid, and above all, perverted. You seriously have to stop this. Fuck, but she's so damn sexy.

Harry headed down the stairs and grabbed his keys off the side table near the front door and grabbed her trunk that was next to the table. He looked into the living area to see her saying goodbye to her new puppy Harry had bought her a four months earlier for her sixteen birthday. She had named it Gin for two reasons: one, it was her mother's nickname, and two; it was Harry's favorite kind of alcohol.

"You coming, Av?" Harry inquired opening the front door.

"Yeah, just saying goodbye to her really quick," she said still staying squatted rubbing the puppy's ears. Harry strained his eyes to look at the puppy and not at the bare skin that Avery was showing off from squatting down.

"If you want a hot chocolate, we have to get going, Av," Harry said growing slightly impatient.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," she said standing up. "Bye Gin, see you around Christmas time!" Avery walked over to the door and headed out. "You want me to carry that?" She asked motioning to the trunk.

"Nah, I'm a pretty big boy by now, I think I can handle it," Harry joked, making her smile. She's so damn beautiful when she smiles. She hopped in the front seat of the car, and Harry loaded her trunk into the backseat, then hopped in the driver's seat and fired up the engine.

After stopping for hot chocolate, Harry began driving a bit more hastily to try and get Avery to the train on time. It was ten to eleven, and they were about fifteen minutes away, but when Harry was driving, no one was ever late.

Once they reached Kings Cross Station, Avery jumped out of the car and Harry quickly grabbed the trunk and both father and daughter headed inside to see that Avery had about three minutes.

"Well, thanks for the lift," she said wrapping her arms around Harry's neck and pulling him in for a nice hug.

"Yeah no problem," Harry said rubbing her back, pretending that he couldn't feel her nice breasts pressing up against him. "I'll see you at Christmas, alright?"

"Sounds good," she piped up smiling, and then leaned in to give him a kiss on the cheek. "Love you, see you soon!"

"I love you, too, sweetheart! Have fun!" Harry called after her. She had already vanished through the platform before Harry had a chance to even wave. Harry touched his cheek with his hand, and smiled awkwardly.

"I'll miss you, baby," he said licking his lips and putting his hands in his pockets. Harry turned to make his way out of the Station and go to the Ministry of Magic where he knew he had enough work to do to keep his mind off his sexy daughter...at least for a while.

A/N: Well? Did you like it? Let me know! I still have yet to write chapter two, but I need some feedback! Check out my other stories: Beautiful Love (H/D fanfic) and Together Again at Last (again H/D romance) THANKS!!!

Chapter Two: Settling In

As Harry shuffled through all the people in King's Cross on his way out to his car, he heard a familiar voice call above the heads of the people he was trying to squeeze through.

"Harry! Wait up!"

Harry turned, rising on the balls of his feet to see over the crowd, and saw Ron and Hermione making their way toward him. He smiled.

Harry had been friends with Ron and Hermione since his first year at Hogwarts. He had met Ron prior to meeting Hermione at the very station he was standing in now. He had remembered as though it were yesterday, how he had struggled to find the platform nine and three quarters, feeling like a complete idiot after asking one of the men that worked at the station where it could be located. Molly Weasley, Ron's mother, had told him how to board the platform by running straight at the wall. Harry laughed to himself being caught up in his reverie, when a woman's voice broke his train of thought.

"We thought we might find you here," Hermione said with a huge grin, standing on her tip-toes to wrap her arms around Harry's neck for a hug. Harry returned the hug, rubbing her back.

"And, indeed, you have found me," Harry stated grabbing Ron's hand and shaking it, as gentlemen do. "Sorry I didn't get to writing you back about coming for dinner the other night; I just had a lot on my mind." Harry shifted from one foot to the other.

"Oh, don't even worry about it," Hermione began, "we ended up going out for a bite to eat, just Ron and me. It was nice; the kids were away, so it was a rather relaxing evening." Ron nudged Harry mouthing with his lips, "After we had sex." Harry smiled once more. The thought of sex immediately distracted him. Avery...

"Harry?"

Harry shook his head, and focused on the red-head talking in front of him.

“Sorry, Ron, I’m really tired,” Harry lied. “You were saying...”

“I was just saying that if you wanted to have dinner with us soon, just come over and we three can have a cookout or something, oh, and don’t forget to say hi to Avery for us,” Ron uttered patting Harry on the back and leading him out the door.

God, just the sound of her name makes me crazy. I wish I was seeing her sooner than Christmas.

As the three friends staggered out the door, being shoved here and there by people late for their trains, they each approached their cars.

“Well, send Hedwig around sometime and let us know when you want to get together. We’ll see you later, Harry,” Ron said smiling as he and Hermione hopped into the car.

“See you,” Harry replied giving a slight wave, then turned to look at Kings Cross Station, missing his baby girl already.

“What do you think about this one?” Avery was pointing to a white bikini in a magazine that she and Maria Weasley were looking in called “Suits for Suitable Witches,” when the door to the train opened. It was Riley Longbottom.

“Hi you sexy lady,” he said closing the door and flashing the brightest of smiles.

“Hey baby,” Avery’s smooth voice came. She looked up momentarily, smiled at him, and went back to the suit she was observing. She felt a light peck of Riley’s lips on the top of her head. She smiled a second time, this time, keeping her eye on the page.

“I think it’s the perfect one,” Maria chimed in, crossing her legs and taking a sip of her tea. Avery scratched the back of her neck, finally looking up at Riley feeling helpless.

“I can’t decide whether I like the white one or the green one better,” Avery sighed leaning her head back against the seat, closing her

eyes. Riley grasped the magazine from Avery's hands and looked at the two suits.

"I think the white one, you know why? Because once you're wet, you'll be able to see every outline of everything," he smirked setting the magazine delicately back into Avery's lap.

"Ha Ha, very funny," Avery uttered rolling her eyes taking the magazine back up in her hands. She scanned the next few pages roughly before closing the magazine making it final of what suit she would order.

"I'm getting the green one," she declared standing up to stretch, putting her arms over her head, exposing her belly button, and noticing that Riley was watching to see how far her shirt would go up.

"Why the green one?" Riley asked as though it were the most confusing of situations.

"My dad says green looks really good on me, and flatters my green eyes," she said beaming proudly. She heaved a heavy sigh and wondered why she cared what her father thought over her own boyfriend. She shrugged it off. Must be because dad has a much better taste in clothing, or maybe it's because Riley's idea of fashion is no clothes.

The train had been running smoothly for about a few hours, and Avery curled up in a little ball in the corner by the window, watching the beautiful green trees, as the train rolled rhythmically down the tracks as though the wheels were sharpened skates on ice; having the cutting edge making the path smooth, unlined, and soothingly quiet. Maria had taken out a book, had her headphones on, and had fallen asleep with her glasses crooked. Riley, however, had left an hour ago.

Despite the fact that Riley was gorgeous, flattering, sweet, and generous to Avery, he was also very arrogant, rude, argumentative, at times a bit too dominative for others. Most of the time, Avery was positive that they would last for a long time, but riding on the train this time, she had grown unsure than anything. She seemed less

interested in him since the summer, and doubted whether they would last the first month back at school. Besides, she really needed to focus on her schooling, and her father had been the influential factor about her persistence in continuing to get good marks.

The train ride, for Avery, had been quiet for the most part, other than a few games of chess, and having short on and off conversations with Maria. She liked that in a way. To her, the train ride was a soothing mechanism, a place where she could be alone, even though the whole school was on the train. But it was a place where she could just ease her mind and body from everything. Watching the green valleys and trees roll by the window allowed Avery to be calm and feel extremely free.

As the train rolled to a stop, everyone, including Avery, had started gathering their on-board belongings. Avery grabbed her purse and magazine and headed out the door, Maria following behind her. The girls, along with Riley and Jordan, made their way down the steps of the train, stepping onto the hard pavement. The four sauntered up to the castle, and entered through the massive oak doors into Hogwarts.

Avery noticed a few new paintings on the wall, but besides that and the fact that the school was more noticeably clean, Hogwarts was still the same. Avery loved it here. She had two of her greatest friends, plus some, and enjoyed learning new magic everyday, and also participating on the Quidditch team as captain and seeker. Her father had taught her all he knew.

"I don't want to listen to the damn sorting song or watch those pathetic little first years get sorted," Avery heard Riley groan.

"It doesn't take as long as you boys drag it out to be. If you wouldn't complain about it, it would take much less time," Avery reassured him. "And don't forget, you were one of those pathetic little first years, Riley," Avery giggled to herself readjusting her purse strap on her shoulder.

As she entered the Great Hall, Avery noticed that much of the Gryffindor table was full.

“Where are we going to sit?” She mumbled to herself, scanning up and down the table to see if she would find a spot for all four of them to be seated.

“C’mon, I see a spot,” Jordan said pointing in the direction of the front of the table. The four of them strolled up to the spot and noticed that there were only three available seats.

“I’ll go sit somewhere else,” Avery offered turning to head back in the opposite direction, when she felt a hand on hers.

“That’s all right, Av, I will,” Riley smiled at her. He kissed her cheek lightly and went to find another place to sit while Avery accompanied Jordan and Maria at the table, turning her head in the direction of the sorting hat.

After the sorting hat had sung its song, and the first years had successfully been placed in their houses, it was time for dinner. Avery noticed that her appetite had somehow decreased, and so she only had a dinner roll with a glass of pumpkin juice.

“I heard that the first Quidditch match of the season is only in a couple weeks. It’s earlier than ever this year!” Jordan said gobbling down some pork.

“Well, it’s a good thing I’ve kept up with my practice,” Avery replied biting into her roll.

“I just hope it’s good weather this year,” Maria suggested. “Last year’s freezing rain was bloody horrid!”

“I know, remember I almost flew into a pole because my goggles had gotten full of water?” Avery said shivering at the thought. “That was one of the more terrifying moments of my life.”

After dinner, the three caught up to Riley, who had joined his friends at the Ravenclaw table, and they all made their way up to their dormitories.

"I'm going to go unpack, so goodnight," Maria called from halfway up the stairs.

"Goodnight," Avery responded.

"Goodnight," both boys said groggily.

"You two look exhausted, what's the matter with you?" Avery inquired taking a seat by the fire.

"We had too much dinner, and we feel full," Jordan announced, rubbing his hand on his stomach to try and soothe the pain.

"Well, why don't you both just go to bed?" Avery said shaking her head and smiling. "You boys need to learn how to control your appetites." Jordan nodded in agreement of going to bed, gave a small wave, and headed up the stairs. Riley, on the other hand, took a seat next to Avery on the sofa.

"That fire feels good," he managed to whisper, wrapping his arm around Avery's shoulders, and leaning his head back to rest.

"Yeah, it does," Avery agreed, enjoying the closeness of the moment. She watched the flames dancing in the fireplace and began to miss home. She and her dad had a fireplace built into their living room at home to enjoy on cold winter nights, where she and him had made it a tradition to roast marshmallows and drink hot chocolate. She smiled, enjoying her reverie, when a sudden jerk startled her. Riley had twitched, and she had not noticed until now, that he had fallen asleep with a long streak of drool sliding down his chin. Avery wiped it with her finger, slid out from under him, and grabbed the nearest blanket. She covered him, kissed him goodnight, and headed up to her dormitory.

Avery entered her room to find that none of the girls had fallen asleep. Instead, they were all gathered on one girl's bed, including Maria, getting caught up on the latest gossip, and mostly about boys and pathetic love-lives. Avery knew she wasn't in love with Riley, but she would know true love when it came along.

As Avery approached her bed, she noticed a small letter, and a small box attached. She could tell by the writing that it was from her father. She opened the letter first and read:

My dearest Avery,

I just wanted to drop a note in saying that I hope you have a splendid year. I know you'll kick ass in Quidditch. After all, you are my daughter. I hope that Riley doesn't give you any trouble, and if he does, you can tell him to report to me. :) I bought you a little something. Not anything special, just a little something for you to have. Every father doesn't get as lucky as I am to have such an amazing daughter. I love you! Be safe and have fun.

-Dad

Avery laughed lightly to herself and smiled. Her dad really was great. She put the letter aside and opened the little box. Inside, she found a silver necklace with little diamonds in it. A smile crept on her face.

"Thank you, Daddy," Avery whispered.

A/N: What did you think? LET ME KNOW!! Even though I've only had one review, from Moony126 (thanks! and yes no slash in future chapters and you'll just have to see about her feeling the same way!) there have been quite a few hits...over 150 so that's great :D I hope I get more reviews for this chapter...they keep me motivated to write so PLEASE REVIEW!! even if it's just a simple "it was great" I appreciate all comments! 'Till next chapter then...

Chapter Three: Getting a Little Touchy

Harry awoke the next morning, feeling the sheets beneath him as well as his own body, dripping wet. He sat up, bit his bottom lip and lowered his head to look at his cock. Again? God, that's twice in the last week. Harry wiped off what he could of his semen with the sheets, deciding he would wash them later that evening.

As Harry showered and readied for work, he decided he would check to see if Avery had written back. You are so pathetic, Harry. She's not going to write back, and even if she does, it won't be for another few weeks. Harry headed down the stairs that lead to the front door so that he could see if any mail had been dropped in, and sure enough he found a letter. As soon as Harry's eyes caught the envelope, he descended the stairs at a quicker pace.

As soon as he'd reached it, he bent over to pick it up, and immediately recognized the handwriting. It's from her Harry tore open the letter that was addressed to Daddy, and began reading the first line.

Dad

Thank you so much for the beautiful necklace, it's wonderful! I'm wearing it as I write this. It's gorgeous. You really don't need to spoil me the way you do. :) I really love it. Well, I'm just about to go to sleep. I'll talk to you soon. Love you!

Love, Avery xoxo

P.S. Say hi to Gin for me!

Harry read the lines over and over, feeling his heart pounding in his chest, and smiling all the while. God, she's amazing. Harry looked at his watch and noticed he was running a little behind schedule, and so tucked the letter back in the envelope, and stuck it in his briefcase before heading out the door. Once outside, he remembered the P.S. Say hi to Gin for me. Harry turned around, and opened the door and called out.

"Avery says hi, Gin!" Before Harry shut the door, he heard a muffled bark from upstairs.

"After the Warlock War of 1812 came one of the darkest era's of wizard times..."

Professor Binns had been droning on for a good half hour and nearly the entire class had already fallen asleep with drool hanging off their lips, but Avery had taken notes in the midst of her writing a paper for her potions class. Avery felt a nudge on her left shoulder blade and turned around.

"What?" She asked irritably as she turned to see a boy of seventeen with blond straight locks and cold gray eyes staring at her, smirking.

"Mind if I copy your notes?" The blond requested. Avery sneered at him, and then turned back to face the front. He had been bothering her for the last ten minutes.

"I promise I'll give them back this time. No joke."

"Look, Damien," she said turning around giving him her full attention, "I am not going to play your stupid games. You're a Malfoy, how the hell am I supposed you really will keep your word this time?" She said nearly glaring, not backing down.

"Look," Damien said, resting his hand on hers and rubbing it gently, "I promise I'll give them back." He flashed her a teasing smile that seemed not to faze Avery the slightest. She grabbed her hand away.

"I don't think so." She turned back around just to feel another irking tap on her shoulder. She turned around, pursing her lips, breathing heavily.

“Just because our dads were enemies doesn’t mean we have to be,” Damien said more earnestly looking slightly hurt. She raised an eyebrow at him.

“What? Are you saying you want to be friends?” She looked at him in disbelief.

“It’s a possibility, isn’t it?” He asked looking at her almost pleadingly. She shook her head.

“Damien, I’m sorry, but I just don’t think either of our fathers would approve. And frankly, I don’t think you’re my sort of friend material,” and with that the bell had rung. “I’ll see you around,” she said grabbing her things, and heading toward the door.

“Wait!” Damien had stood from his desk and had his hand out in hopes of stopping her. She turned after a moments pause to see him standing there looking helpless and desperate.

“Just give me a chance. I won’t mess it up, I swear.” The look in his eyes almost made Avery want to just break down and cry, holding him, telling him everything would be alright, but her conscience knew better.

“Maybe some other time, Damien.” She started toward the door, when she heard him whisper... “Don’t do this to me.” She hesitated, then turned around and walked over to him.

“Look,” she said putting a hand on his shoulder, “I know it’s tough, not having a whole lot of people like you, but you have to remember—”
“ But Damien interrupted her.

“What do you mean not a lot of people like me?” His tone was harsh and defensive.

“I didn’t mean no one, I just meant—“

“What? What did you mean, Avery? Because you know what, all I was doing was try to be friends with you because I like you, okay? Not because I don’t have any friends. I like you, a lot, but forget it. It

doesn't matter. I'm sorry I even bothered." He brushed past her, and she could see the anger and hurt on his expression.

"Damien, wait!" She said calling after him, but he didn't turn around. "Damien!" He stopped. She ran up to him and looked at him when he turned around.

"What do you want?" He asked in a bitter tone looking down at her with contempt.

"I'm sorry, I—I didn't know," she whispered looking at the floor. She felt a hand on her chin. He brought her face to look at his, and she felt him leaning in, but she backed away. His expression grew tighter.

"I'm sorry, I don't like you that way, Damien." She felt him coming closer, his hands forming into fists. She backed into the wall and realized she had no escape.

"Don't be like this, Avery, all I wanted was an innocent kiss," Damien said smoothly, putting a hand on her waist. She tried to break free from his grasp, but his hands were much too strong.

"Let me go, Damien. I'll scream if I have to!" She said struggling to break free.

"If you scream, it'll only make this much harder and much more painful." Avery's heart was pounding in her chest. Oh, God, help me! Damien's hands kept her pinned to the wall, and soon she saw his face coming close to hers. She closed her eyes. She felt his lips on hers, and felt him push hard against them. She tried to keep her lips tight together, but his strong mouth forced his tongue into her mouth. She tried to kick him away, but his thighs were pressed up against hers. She was defenseless. His tongue slithered in and out of her mouth before he slowly bit down on her bottom lip.

"Ow!" She managed to pipe out. Her lip began to bleed. He smirked and then he began rubbing his hands up and down her ass as he began kissing her neck.

"Stop it!" She cried. "Don't do this to me!"

His hands made their way slowly to her breasts, and he began rubbing them and squeezing them.

“Ow! That hurts! Please stop!”

“If you stop fighting me, it won’t hurt as much,” Damien whispered in her ear. She shook her head getting his face away from her.

“You’re a monster, just like your father,” she whispered, tears forming in her eyes. She felt his hands grab her wrists and throw them above her head into the wall.

“Don’t ever talk about my father that way, missy.” His voice was rough and quiet. His grip was growing tighter on her wrists, when suddenly, there were voices coming from behind them. Avery noticed one voice as McGonagal’s and the other as...no...it couldn’t be...Daddy? Thank God!

“GET THE HELL OFF MY BABY GIRL!” Avery heard her father bellow, as she felt Damien being tugged off her. Avery collapsed to the floor, grabbing herself, and covering her body as though she had been naked and exposed. She watched as Harry grabbed Damien by the collar and shoved him against the wall.

“Harry! Please!” McGonagal’s voice was pleading.

“Let me handle this, Minerva.” Harry said steadily then turning back to Damien.

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING, HUH? THAT’S MY DAUGHTER!” Damien was struggling for air. Harry lowered his voice only for Damien to hear. “You better watch who’s daughter you’re trying to fuck with, because if you ever fuck with mine again, you’ll be dead so fast, you won’t be able to scream help. Get into Minerva’s office. We’re going to call your father.” Harry shoved Damien toward McGonagal, wand pointing at his heart.

“Go,” he said motioning with his head down the corridor. McGonagal grabbed Damien by the arm and made her way down to the office. Harry ran over to Avery.

“Are you alright, babe?” Harry asked crouching down and putting a finger to Avery’s lip where it was bleeding to try and stop it.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Avery managed to sigh, licking her lip, and then feeling where Harry had just had his finger. Harry grabbed her into a hug, which she returned by wrapping her arms around his neck.

“Thank you for being here,” she whispered looking at Harry through tearful eyes.

“You know I’ll always be ready to kick some ass with whatever kind of dumb ass tries to mess with my baby girl,” Harry smiled. Avery managed a small smile.

“He’s done here,” Harry said. “I’m kicking him out. I’m not letting anybody in this school who tries to hurt you in any way. I’m sorry I couldn’t have gotten here sooner.”

“It’s okay, you got here, and that’s what counts,” Avery said, trying to stand.

“Here, let me help you.” Harry helped Avery stand, and then he wrapped his arm around her shoulder as they began to walk down the corridor.

“Don’t worry, no one’s going to mess with you like that again, do you hear me? I promise,” Harry said looking down at his beautiful crying angel.

“I know, you’re just so tough,” Avery joked poking her dad in the bicep and giggling, wiping her tears away with her other hand.

“Yeah, Mr. Macho,” Harry laughed as he flexed for her.

“You know, you really do have some sexy arms, dad. I’m sure the ladies just love them!” Harry’s stomach clenched.

"Yeah, they love them, all right" Harry gulped. The only lady I want to love them is you. "You know, since I get so many ladies." Avery noticed the sarcasm in his voice.

"You know, it's interesting that you haven't found a woman to settle down with yet, since the whole thing with mum and everything. I would think you'd have already found someone. You're definitely not bad looking by any means." Harry's stomach was churning. Oh, man...she said I wasn't bad looking by any means! Fuck...that's not good for my hormones.

"Well," he swallowed hard, "I guess that I haven't found the perfect one yet, and who knows, maybe I'm not meant to be with anyone besides Ginny," Harry shrugged, as though the thought of Ginny calmed his nerves.

"Dad, you can't be serious! You're a stud! You need to find someone, or else you're going to just drive me crazy!" Avery laughed slightly, play punching Harry in the arm.

"I'm sure that she's out there, she just...probably hasn't noticed me yet," Harry said, feeling idiotic that he was trying to hint at something.

"Well, you know I'd love to stay and chat, but I have a class to get to, so, I guess I'll see you soon," Avery said smiling and turning to give her dad a hug. Harry couldn't help but feel so alive when she was touching him in any way.

"All right, I'll see you, kiddo." He said smiling watching her go. "And Hey!" He called out. "You know...you can always come home early if you don't feel comfortable here," Harry chimed in, approaching her again. Somehow, he felt the need to be close to her.

"Dad, I'll be fine. Besides, I know you'll always be there to play hero for me whenever I need you," Avery smiled. Harry smiled back, loving every moment that he was having with his daughter.

"All right, I'll let you get to class, baby," Harry said tapping her bottom playfully.

"Ok, see you later," Aver piped, jogging down the corridor. Harry watched as her ebony hair swayed from side to side as she ran, before shouting out.

"I love you, Av!" He watched as she took the time to turn around and flash him one more goddess of a smile.

"I love you, too, dad!" And with that, she disappeared behind the corner. Harry's smile slowly turned to a frown. His body felt as though the second half of his soul had ran around the corner with her. Harry knew what this feeling meant.

Dammit...I think I'm falling for her.

A/N: Well, I hope everyone enjoyed that chapter...and until I get more reviews, I will be waiting to post chapter four...Thank you to:

Le Diablo Blanc2: Well, I always love hearing what other people think will happen since I am the author and relish the idea that people are wrong...because I love throwing twists...hehe! But, you will have to see who really does make the move. You might be right...but...there's always another side to the coin...thanks for reviewing! Hope you enjoyed chapter three!

Nagi Rai: Thank you so much for your review! It was extremely refreshing! My girlfriend and I got a huge kick out of your wonderful vocabulary and such. You really made us laugh! Keep reviewing! We love intellect!!! Hope you enjoyed chapter three! And...we should definitely form that cult for freaks...I am one, and I'm glad to know there are other freaks out there that enjoy the same whacky stuff that I do! Please REVIEW!!!

Moony126: Hey! GO GERMANY! We love people from foreign countries! So thank you so much!! I'm glad you enjoyed my story...if you are correct in my story being the only Harry/daughter fanfic, then I feel extremely happy to know that I am original! Thank you so much for your review! I would love to hear from you again!!!

Anonymous: Well, I'm glad you "like it"...hehe! Thanks for reviewing!!!

Like I said, if you want to see chapter four, you must tell all your friends, neighbors, animals, pets, parents (ok, maybe not...lol) and everyone you can think of that would enjoy a weird, yet amazing story...please REVIEW! I'll be waiting!

Chapter Four: Letting Go

As Harry arrived at the Ministry, moments after his visit to Hogwarts for his daily “check-ups,” he no doubt had a mile high stack of papers on his desk, and his owl messages were flooding all around the floor of his work area. He pursued in picking up the letters by magic, and allowing them all to straighten themselves and properly lie flat in the corner of his desk.

“Minister,” a thin-looking witch said approaching Harry, “I just received an owl from Headmistress McGonagall, would you like me to add it to your pile?”

Harry groaned and held out his hand.

“Let me read it now.”

As he gently grabbed the contents of the witch’s meek hands, he gestured for her to leave. She gave him a pouting face, but nonetheless, returned to her department.

Harry unfolded the letter, and read:

Harry—

I am unbelievably sorry for what you had to witness today, but all in all, I was extremely glad that you were there. I have, as you have ordered, owled Mr. Malfoy, and he, surprisingly, has accepted his son back home. I am well aware of the new expectations you have set for me and for Hogwarts, and being Headmistress, I am extremely proud to say that the students will be observed much more closely. And also, be aware that I am now going to have monitors put in every corridor so that an incident such as the occurrence today shall remain in the past, and no longer be a worry of the future. I assure you, your daughter is in safe hands. She says hello.

Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Harry pondered the letter, smiling to himself, knowing that his daughter was indeed safe. He trusted Minerva as Headmistress of the school he once knew as his own home, and trusted in her to keep the school running smoothly and safely. He was in favor of her monitor plan, but realized, without further ado, that he had much work to be done.

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

McGonagall had called Avery down to her office, and had been inquiring for the past twenty minutes wanting one hundred percent assurance that Avery was neither hurt nor afraid.

“I’m fine, Professor, really.” Avery’s voice was almost pleading. “If it’s alright with you, Ma’am, I think I’d like to return to class now.”

“I just want to make sure that you’re not harmed in any way or that you feel obligated to get to class, because I know you, dear, and you are a very fine student, very much as your father was.” Avery was growing bored.

“Trust me, I was scared for a moment, but everything’s fine now. I would really like to return to class, Professor. Please?”

“Yes, alright. I suppose I’ve kept you here long enough. Dismissed.” Avery heaved a sigh of relief before grabbing her belongings and making her way out of McGonagall’s headquarters.

As the raven-haired girl pursued getting down the stairs as fast as she could, once she hit the bottom and was on a flat surface, she began to sprint to Herbology when she looked up, just to be knocked down, spilling all the contents of her book-bag all over the cold stone floor.

“Hey baby! Where you running off to in a hurry?”

Avery looked up to see Riley looking down at her, holding out a hand to help her up.

“Oh, it’s just you, thank God!”

“Were you expecting someone else?” He inquired helping her gather her things.

“No, I just, I don’t think I could’ve dealt with it being someone who might have questioned me further about anything that happened. I’ve had enough questioning for one day. I feel like I just got off a trial.” Avery wiped her forehead and felt the sweat on her wrist.

“Well, naturally, I heard about what happened, and I snuck my way out of potions to come down here and make sure that my baby girl was alright,” he replied, stroking her face, and moving a strand of black-silk away from her face.

Avery smiled lightly. “I really appreciate it, Riley.” She leaned over and kissed him. After they broke apart, they finished collecting her books and quills, and then silently headed down the corridor back to their individual classrooms.

The clock had just struck seven when Harry had finished going through all the papers. He felt like he had just traveled the world, the way his body collapsed after he realized it was time to go home. He shuffled the unread papers into his briefcase, knowing that even if he took them home, that they would be left unread by morning.

Once he apparated from the streets of London to his living room, Harry felt compelled to fix himself a concoction. He had been through an awful lot from trying to help the devastation of the ‘Teenage Wizard Crisis’ in Florence to keeping his thoughts clear of anything having to do with a certain Avery Potter.

Harry had filled his glass and emptied it all within five seconds time. He poured himself a second glass when he noticed Hedwig perched on the kitchen counter staring at him with her beautiful golden eyes. He made his way over to her, seeing that there was a letter attached to her leg.

“Hey girl.” Harry patted her silky white feathers, and she pecked his finger in affection before taking flight through the open window into the night. Harry unrolled the letter, and after observing the handwriting, he found his stomach tying slowly into a knot.

His hands had been rubbing her thighs, back and shoulders while she kissed him, and she realized halfway through the make-out, that she needed to break it off. It was no use pretending that she still was attracted to him the way she first was. He no longer swept her off her feet, nor did she want to lie to him anymore, in fear of him wanting more. She pulled away.

“Riley,” she stammered, looking down at the comforter, “this isn’t working out for me.” She could see the quizzical look in his eyes and said again. “I mean, I think that we should take a break.” He understood.

“What?! But I thought you were totally into me!” He exclaimed, taking his hands off her body. That had been a relief.

“Look, you and I,” she began, and then closed her mouth. She started again. “You and I are two very different people, and I’m not the same girl that I was when I first started dating you. I just, I don’t feel a connection between us anymore, and I’m just too deep in my studies to really have time for you. I’m sorry. This is just how it has to be.” She looked up into his eyes seeing that she had stung him, yet when he spoke, his voice was calm.

“Look, Av, I love you. If things between us have changed, well, then that only means that they will change again. I accept your terms of breaking it off, but I want you to know, that I’m going to be here if you ever want to take me back.” His words were heartfelt, she could tell. She laid a hand and rested it on his shoulder.

“You have no idea how much it means to me for you to understand,” she spoke softly. He smiled at her, and she smiled at him, retrieving her hand slowly.

"I'm tired, I'll talk to you in the morning," she said hinting that it was time for him to leave her dormitory. He nodded and before he headed for the door, he leaned in and kissed her cheek.

"You'll always be my baby girl," he said. Avery couldn't help but notice that the image of her father crept into her mind as he had muttered 'baby girl' and when he walked out the door, all she could picture in her mind was Harry.

A/N: Ooo, I love this fic! Makes me so excited! Alright, thank yous go out to:

Moony126: Thank you for reviewing! Yes, I know that many readers were confused about Harry's position and all, but hopefully you read my A/N above...and if you haven't, please read it. Your review made me smile, and I look forward to reading more from you! THANK YOU AGAIN!

Nagi Rai: God, your selection of language still intrigues me! I love it! Anyway, thank you for your review..and don't worry, I enjoyed your criticism. It actually helped me realize that I had lacked in specifying different things, so thank you for being so observant! I don't blame you for being picky either...I hate having my questions unanswered, and know that I will be watching out for my future writing so that I do not run into this problem again! Thank you so much for your long review. It was very fun to read!!! Hope you enjoyed chapter 4!!!

potter-obsessed: Thank you so much for your wonderful review! It really made my day! I love being told that people love the way my stories are written! That makes me feel so positive and happy about my own writing! And trust me, I NEED the positive comments...it's the only way I feel that I should keep writing, so THANK YOU!

Alright, everyone...chapter five is still in the process of writing, so...hold tight, and maybe while you wait for chapter 5 to be posted, you can check out my other stories...they are H/D slash, so if that disinterests you, I'm sorry. "Beautiful Love" and "Together Again at Last" are the two stories...check them out if you like!

THANKS AGAIN!!!

Chapter Five: Moisture

Avery awoke the next morning, groggy. She stretched and yawned looking out of her four-poster through the window at the clouds that were dotting the light blue sky. She threw her sheets and comforter off, and slid out of bed. As soon as Avery stood up, she felt moisture in between her thighs.

“What?” She said aloud in a whisper, looking down her torso as though to discover something. Then she remembered the dream she had the night before involving a certain dark-haired man that was strangely familiar to her.

“Yuck!” She whispered, shaking off the thought. “What the hell is wrong with me?!”

Avery got out her robes, and still disturbed by the thought of her dream, she shivered even though it wasn’t cold. She dressed quickly, not bothering to look in the mirror when she threw her hair up in a pony-tail, and headed down to the Gryffindor common room in hopes of forgetting the night before.

When she reached the common room, she found Maria sitting at the table starting her morning homework. Maria always got up early to start homework so that she could get caught up in all of her classes. Avery would never have been able to be so dedicated to homework, but nonetheless, she was glad Maria was there.

“Maria, I have to talk to you.”

“Oh?” Maria looked up from her parchment, and gave a half yawn. “What is it?”

“I had a really weird dream last night.” Avery was biting her lower lip and quivering as she spoke.

“You’re shaking, Av, are you sure you don’t want to go to the hospital wing?” Maria offered.

“No, no, I’m fine, it was just a really messed up dream is all,” Avery sputtered.

“Well, let’s have it.”

Avery swallowed extremely hard, licked her lips, and bit down on her bottom lip before confessing.

“I dreamt that my dad and I had sex.”

Maria’s eyes shot wide open.

“Are you serious?!”

Avery nodded, shaking her body as though trying to rid herself of the grotesqueness.

“Oh, God, Av! That’s so wrong! What the hell?!” Maria asked confused and shocked.

“I know! I know! I don’t know why I dreamt of something so perverse, but it just...well, you know! You can’t control your dreams!” Avery panted as though trying to prove herself innocent in front of a court.

Maria grabbed Avery’s hands, and Avery relaxed.

“Look,” she said looking deep into Avery’s eyes, “it’s weird, but you’re right. It was just a dream. It doesn’t mean anything.” Avery lowered her chin to her chest, feeling disgusted with herself, and deeming herself unworthy to look into her best friend’s eyes.

“You probably think I’m twisted now, huh?” Avery asked talking more to her knees than to Maria. Maria shook her head, and brought Avery’s chin up so that she was looking straight into her emerald eyes.

“I would never ever think wrongly of you, Av. Never.” Avery smiled slightly before looking off to the side.

“You know,” Maria began, “to be honest, I’m more worried about you thinking wrongly of yourself or trying to blame yourself for something that is out of your control.”

Avery licked her lips.

“I just feel very dirty and I feel like I made it happen somehow, but I’ve never thought of my dad like that! You know that!” Avery declared.

“I know, Av! You don’t have to try and prove yourself to me! I’m your best friend.”

“Yeah, you’re right, but I just can’t help but feel like I made it happen,” Avery muttered.

“Well, believe me, I know you and your crazy self, but I know that you’d never be one to be that out of the box.”

Avery managed a small smile.

“Thanks for listening to me,” Avery said calmly. “I needed it.”

“Anytime, but I really need to finish this paper up. I’m only halfway through,” Maria said with a grin.

“Okay, I’ll go down to breakfast then. See you in class.”

Avery exited the portrait hole knowing in her mind that picturing Riley as her father the night before had indeed ignited the dream, and finding herself wet this morning made her mind spin. Was she attracted to Harry or was it just because the dream involved her own personal sexual fantasies? She didn’t want to know the answer.

Potter-

I received your owl about sending my son home from Hogwarts. I would just like to say that I am sorry. We’re both adult enough to know that what my boy did was wrong. I apologize. I will be punishing

him by sending him to a muggle boarding school. Once again, my apologies. It won't happen again.

Malfoy

Harry grinned at the parchment. He had never known Draco to be one to apologize, that was a first. Harry couldn't help but ponder if the real reason Malfoy had written the note was because he was afraid of Harry's power as Minister. Harry chuckled to himself then helped himself to a spot of coffee. The coffee wasn't the best at the Ministry, but he did all he could with magic so that it was the perfect blend of vanilla with coffee beans.

He ate a granola bar he had in his desk, as his eyes wandered over to the picture he had on his desk of his daughter. Her smile had been so perfect and cute while she was splashing about in their pool at home, that he could've adored the photo all day long watching her in her bikini as she bounced around the shallow end of the pool.

Avery had been studying under the tree by the lake around the afternoon, when her eyes had suddenly grown weary and she slouched down the trunk of the tree, burying her face in her book.

She was walking down a corridor, noticing that there were pictures of her on the walls. The room was at the end. She felt sexy in her red lingerie. She hoped that he would like it. She had red high heels that clanked with every step she took. She could envision him, lying on the bed waiting for her to arrive. He would be under the covers, naked. Waiting.

She made it to the doorway, and stood in the doorframe, watching to see what his face would look like when he saw her dressed in her scarlet tease.

His face blossomed as he eyed every inch of her body, stopping for a longer time on her breasts and her lower torso. He licked his lips, and beckoned her to come closer.

She walked over, the music of her heels fading into the soft cushioned carpeting. She crawled on top of the bed, giving off a devilish grin. His face remained steady. He watched her as she crawled atop of him, feeling the heat generate from in between her thighs. He moaned softly, feeling the pressure of his ruby queen.

He slowly rocked his hips into her, and she could feel his cock through the sheets. It was so teasing, feeling his huge, hard boner poking her pussy gently.

“How do you want me daddy?” She asked pushing her lips forward to tease him.

“I want you to slide yourself onto me,” he whispered, pulling a strand of ebony hair out of her face.

She felt his hands on her. They felt so good. She watched him as he caressed his crimson beauty, and all of a sudden, she heard someone calling her name.

“Avery!” Avery twitched awake to find Riley standing over her.

“Wh-what’s going on?” Avery stuttered, unsure of her surroundings.

“Yeah, what is going on, you naughty girl?”

“What are you talking about Riley?” Avery asked groggily. Riley smirked and gestured towards Avery.

“What are you doing to yourself?”

Avery looked down to see that her robes had been opened, and her panties had found their way down to her ankles. Her clit was totally exposed.

“Oh God! Riley! Get out of here! You creep!” She heard Riley’s laugh fade in the distance, as she briskly dressed herself. She picked up her books, and shook her head.

She could feel the dampness once again, but this time, it had dripped down her thigh when she stood up.

A/N: OOOhhh...craziness! Alright, let me know what you think! Thank you so much to the following:

love2bug63670: Thanks for reviewing! I'm sure this fic will DEFINITELY be one to keep your eye out for. It's going to get extremely good! Trust me...PLEASE REVIEW AGAIN!!!

Nagi Rai: Your reviews still do amuse me and my "mysterious girlfriend" (now fiance yay! She says hello as well!) Well? What'd you think? I'm really admire your reviews because I can just tell that you have a lot of good taste when it comes to writing. Just from your speech alone, I can tell you have a mastered vocabulary, and I am so envious. It would do my writing a hell of a lot of good! I'm glad you like my progress in POV from chatper to chapter. It seems I've found a liking for such writing? hehe. Thanks again! Can't wait to hear from you!

potter-obsessed: Thanks so much! I really appreciate that someone else appreciates me not rushing the story. I love when shit is drawn out...it makes the story so much better! Alright, let me know what you think of this chapter!

Again, Moony, I really did want to wait for you to install this chapter, but you maybe are busy or out of town, and I didn't want to leave other reviewers waiting...Please forgive and understand me! EEK! Ok, thanks for everyones reviews, and please, you other people that read my story...I would love to hear from YOU :D

It was now the middle of December, and snow had fallen covering the green grass, making Hogwarts grounds look like a snow globe that hadn't been shook in a while. The temperature had turned to freezing, and all students had begun to wear their hats, scarves, and mittens to keep themselves from being frost-bitten.

Avery had not had anymore occurrences since the two dreams about her father back in September, and so had forgotten, or at least tried to forget that it had ever happened.

"Woo hoo!" Avery was screaming as her toboggan slid down the icy hill. Maria was next to her, and the two girls were racing. Jordan and Riley were already at the bottom of the hill waving the black and white checkered flag to see who would win the race.

Avery hit a bump and snow flew into her face, giving her cheeks a sudden burning chill.

"Oh!" She spit out the snow that hadn't already melted in her mouth, and shook her face to see the crossing line to see who would win. Maria was gaining speed, but Avery stuck out her arms and began pushing herself down the hill. She crossed the finish line only seconds before Maria, and with magic, eased herself to a stop.

"That was quite a race!" Avery said, rubbing her face with her white mittens.

"Yeah, but I should've won! I saw you get white-washed in the face!" Maria pouted sarcastically. Avery smiled.

"So, who's up for a little Hogsmeade? I'm dying for some hot chocolate!" Riley announced. Maria and Jordan nodded in agreement.

"Av? You coming?" Avery paused for a moment, and thought that she should start packing for her trip back home, but then decided that a cup of hot cocoa sounded appetizing.

"Sure, but only under one condition..."

“Oh, and what’s that?” Riley questioned raising a brow, and scratching his head with his gloves.

“You have to pull me on the sled!” Riley scrunched his face up while his mouth formed a big “O” but then chuckled and motioned for her to hop on.

When the four reached Hogsmeade, they headed for the Three Broomsticks. Riley held the door for the ladies and for Jordan, and then allowed himself in.

Avery felt her body relax and her face immediately begin thawing from the cold. She took off her gloves and hat and placed them in her pocket before finding a booth near the back.

“This way,” she called out, motioning for the others to follow. The four Gryffindors seated themselves until a witch with long blonde hair came over and took their order.

“Four hot chocolates, please,” Avery chimed.

“That all?” The witch asked scratching her neck with her quill.

“Yes, that should be it.”

“It’ll be up in a minute.” Avery watched as both boys eyed the witch’s behind as she walked away.

“Seriously, she isn’t that good-looking!” Maria protested. Obviously Avery hadn’t been the only one who noticed the boy’s diverged attention.

“Look, any girl with a good arse is good looking,” Riley said in defense, chuckling and slapping hands with Jordan. Maria grunted and shook her head. Avery thought the comment childish, but wasn’t interested in starting a dispute about it, and therefore, directed her attention upon the snow-stained windows.

After a few minutes of half-listening to Maria and the boys quarrel about what makes a witch attractive, the hot chocolates had arrived.

And as soon as they had their mugs in front of them, the three had settled down, and decided that sipping their drinks was more of a necessity.

“So, are you all going home for Christmas?” Avery asked trying to change the subject.

“I’m not; the folks are always really uptight when my brother and I refuse to go sing carols for our stupid muggle neighbors.” Avery coughed into her hot chocolate, spilling it on the sides of her mug, and over the table.

“Gross! Av, what’s the matter with you?!” Maria laughed aloud. The boys had begun laughing as well.

“Oh, gosh! I’m so sorry,” Avery coughed. “I just couldn’t help but laugh at the insane vision I just had of Riley going about the neighborhood caroling! I mean, THAT is just hilarious!” Riley managed a playful defensive glare, while the other three finished up their laughter.

“Well, we’re definitely going home because mum always makes the best food!” Jordan announced.

“Yeah, like her apple pie!” Maria squealed, licking her lips as though she had just had a slice.

“Well, you know I’ll probably be seeing you both anyway. Dad always loves spending at least one day of the holidays together with your parents,” Avery muttered sipping her cocoa.

“Yeah, but that’s always fun. Remember that stupid snowman we built last year? Its head was all crooked and the nose was made out of a baby carrot, and it got lost in the head because Jordan had stuck it in too far?!” Maria chortled nearly falling over in her seat. Avery began roaring with laughter, as well as Jordan while Riley shook his head in amusement from all the attention the three were getting from other witches and wizards in the pub.

Harry had been cleaning the house furiously. He had never been so nervous for Avery to come home before. He had a week until she arrived, and he had already washed the floors, had the entire ceiling and every wall scrubbed, had every nook and cranny rid of any cobwebs, and furnished everything to make the house look pristine.

He had gone overboard with gifts for his baby girl, he realized, having bought her a new bed with a canopy that draped down, three new outfits that Harry envisioned on Avery while he was at the store and got a half hard-on, a few new pairs of shoes, and to top it off, he had bought her a brand new convertible red Mustang. He was jealous of the car, himself, but knew that his daughter would absolutely love all the gifts, and he was dying to see her face light up when she opened them all.

After getting back to the Gryffindor common room later that night after going to Hogsmeade, Jordan and Riley went up to the boy's dormitories, while Avery and Maria made their way up to theirs.

"Sledding was a lot of fun today, don't you think?" Maria asked, opening the door to their dormitory. Avery nodded.

"I'm glad to be going home for Christmas, though. It'll be nice to see my dad again."

"Sure it will, you know, you could even have sex with him," Maria teased before feeling a pillow thrown directly at her face.

"That's not funny, Maria!" Avery cried. Maria had begun snickering to herself, and then Avery unwound and broke into a grin. She knew Maria was only joking with her, but behind Avery's grin was a pounding heart. Avery was nervous to go home to her father, despite the fact that they had been like best friends since she was born. After having the dreams of Harry, she couldn't help but ponder the thought that maybe she really was attracted to her own dad.

A week had passed rather quickly, and both Avery and Maria had their trunks packed and ready to go home.

"Are you packed Jordan?" Maria asked watching as her brother shuffled some clothes into a duffle-bag.

"Yeah, almost."

"All right guys, I'll see you soon," Avery uttered, heading for the fireplace. She grabbed some floo powder as she walked into the fireplace and took a deep breath.

"Home."

Avery watched as the flames engulfed her before entering her own grate, and saw her living room appear. There were candles lit, and the box of ornaments was out, but Avery saw no tree. She smiled. Harry knew better than to get the tree without her. She stepped out of the grate and curved her neck to dust herself off, then raised her head only to feel her heart thump wildly in her chest.

Harry had heard the noise while he was in the kitchen pouring himself some eggnog, then walked to the living room to see his striking Avery brushing off her robes. I swear, I've never seen anything so gorgeous. He made his way over to his daughter, smiling, wanting more than anything to wrap his arms around her, and as he came closer, he did just that.

"Welcome home, beautiful."

A/N: The anticipation of the next chapter is just great isn't it? Hopefully I'll have it up soon. I sprained my wrist, so I have a cast...It might take a little longer than it should to type...but thank yous go out to:

Kaiyzen: Thank you for your review!!! I bet you're even more excited to know what happens next!!! And you have every right to want to know...hehe!

Moony126: Hey! It'd be cool if you wrote a review in German, although I wouldn't really know what it said, and sometimes, the online translators tend to be whacky, so...keep writing them in English...you write fine! I enjoy your reviews...hell! Why did you think I wouldn't update w/o a review from you:D

Nagi Rai: Hey, sorry this chapter took so long, but it probably works out for you since you've probably returned from your visit with your relative...yay! I will continue enjoying your reviews if you continue enjoying my story!!!! Please review some more!!!

Again, I'm sorry for the slow update (I know! I know! I'm usually extremely fast to update, but I've had loads of things to do, so my apologies oh faithful reviewers! Until next chapter...!

Chapter Seven: The Encounter

As she felt her father's strong arms wrap around her meek shoulders, Avery felt a jolt in the pit of her stomach. She realized that for the first time, her stomach was clenching at her father's touch.

"It's so good to see you," Avery sighed, breaking away, and looking up at her father. He had the widest of grins placed on his lips, and she returned his happy gaze with a faint upturn of her lips.

"Here, let me send that up to your room," Harry said pulling out his wand from his back pocket, and charming Avery's trunk so that it flew itself up the stairs and into Avery's bedroom, where it also, magically, started unpacking her clothes.

"Gosh, it smells lovely in here," Avery said taking a deep whiff. "Are you...baking?"

Harry's cheeks gained a rosy color as he smiled sheepishly and muttered, "Yeah...trying to." Avery couldn't help but think her father adorable in that moment.

"So, how's school going?" Harry asked changing the subject and turning to go into the kitchen.

"Pretty decent. I've scored well on all my tests so far, and have gotten O's on all of my homework assignments," Avery stated proudly, taking off her sweater and laying it on the chair. She followed her father, and as soon as she entered the kitchen, she melted in the sweet smell of homemade cookies.

"Well, I'm proud of you. You've always managed to keep your life extremely balanced, especially at school," Harry said, bending over and opening the oven.

Avery watched as the pants on her father grew tighter in the buttocks area as he bent over to take the cookies out of the oven, and then slowly shook her head and averted her eyes to stare at the tiled floor.

When Harry had placed the cookies on the stove to cool, she picked her eyes back up at him and was unsure of what to do or say. She licked her lips.

"You seem quiet," Harry said taking off the oven mitts and placing them on the counter. "Something wrong?"

Avery shook her head.

"No, not at all," she said smiling. Avery closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "It's just really nice to be home."

Harry beamed. He and Avery had been best friends for as long as he could remember, and he knew that her relief of being home included her being glad to see him as well. He couldn't help but smile.

"It's really nice to have you back home," Harry replied as he made his way to the kitchen table. "This place gets kind of crazy when there's no woman around to help keep everyone in line," She giggled under her breath, but hearing her laugh was enough to make Harry's insides burst with life.

"The only one I keep in line is you anyway," she remarked grinning slyly.

"That was my point," Harry snickered taking a seat. Avery rolled her eyes jokingly.

"So, did you get me some good stuff for Christmas?" Avery asked sliding into a chair across from Harry at the table.

"Well, let's just say that you won't be disappointed this year," Harry commented, waving his hand at his glass of eggnog so that it floated over to him.

"Well, I got you something really special, too," Avery boasted giving her father a playful grin.

“Oh? And what might that be?” Harry asked.

“Well, let’s just say that you won’t be disappointed,” Avery smirked in mockery as she stood up and turned to make her way to the fridge.

“Ha ha, very funny,” Harry said taking a sip of his eggnog. He couldn’t help but stare at her arse as she walked away in her tight black pants. And as she bent over and reached for the eggnog, Harry’s groin felt a slight tug.

“Do you mind if I have a cookie?” Avery asked standing up, and brushing the hair out of her face.

“No, help yourself!” Harry replied gesturing towards the freshly baked goods. “You want to grab me a couple? I want to see how bad they are before you try one.”

“Oh, god, they can’t be that bad. You can’t really go wrong with cookies.”

“Believe me, Av, I’m one of those lucky people that messes up even the simplest things. It’s definitely possible,” Harry groaned watching as she took her first bite. “Well?”

She paused a moment and chewed, her face was relaxed and in contemplation. She swallowed.

“Not too shabby,” she grinned. Harry felt his body relax. After all, he had made the cookies just for her.

“Well, I’m glad you like them, sweetheart.”

Avery and her father talked for a couple hours about school, work, and random things going on in each other’s lives, but Avery’s mind kept reverting back to the dreams, but instinct, logic, and fear kept her from saying a word.

Avery looked at the clock. "Wow, it's already ten. I didn't realize it was that late already. I'm going to go shower and change for bed."

"That's fine. We're getting up early to go find a tree, anyway, so I should probably go hit the sack as well."

"It was great catching up," Avery yawned rising from the table and stretching.

"Yeah, it was." She noticed Harry's voice had grown raspier as the night had drawled on. She loved the way his voice sounded when his voice was husky. It made her skin get goosebumps.

Harry had also risen from his chair, and was outstretching his arms for a hug. She slowly sauntered over to him, and wrapped her arms around his neck, getting a tiny whiff of his cologne, and as her face brushed against his, she couldn't help but realize that her body was tightly pressed up against him.

"Goodnight, Avery," Harry whispered, kissing her ear gently. Avery got shivers from the top of her head all the way down her spine down to her toes. She quivered. Harry broke away with a hand on each of her shoulders.

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm just...cold is all," Avery lied through a smile. "I'm fine, really."

"Alright then, I'll come wake you up in the morning." Harry smiled and rubbed her shoulder. His touch had a new meaning to Avery now since her dreams, and now she could feel her throat tighten.

"Sounds good," she said clearing her throat and heading towards the stairs.

"I'm going to clean up a little bit down here before I go to bed, so...sweet dreams, baby girl," Harry said softly. Avery managed a small smile.

“You too.” And with that, she turned, and headed up the stairs to take a shower, where she knew she would find her way onto Santa’s naughty list for sure.

As soon as Avery had left, Harry had whipped out his wand and charmed the kitchen to clean itself. He hurriedly ran up the stairs as quietly as he could, but was relieved to hear the water running. On his way to his bedroom, Harry stopped at Avery’s bathroom door. He listened to the soothing sound of the water and closed his eyes envisioning how sexy his daughter’s naked body must be when it was wet.

In the midst of Harry’s thought, Harry heard a sound. It was faint, but he knew where it was coming from since it was a girl’s voice, and he recognized his daughter’s voice anywhere. Harry’s breathing became extremely heavy; his heart began to beat wildly in his chest when he heard his daughter moaning.

Harry could tell by the way her voice squeaked that she was masturbating. Just the thought was enough to make Harry’s cock throb. He stood against the wall, leaning his head back, and listened to his daughter whimper as she touched herself, and before Harry knew it, he had unbuttoned his pants, had his zipper down, and was sliding his own hand up and down his already hard shaft.

Her squeals became more rapid, and Harry knew that she was about to come, and as soon as there was a pause, he knew she was about to burst. Harry’s hand was sliding profusely up and down his throbbing cock, wanting nothing more than to burst through the bathroom door, and grab his daughter and slide her wet pussy on him, when he heard her scream...

“Oh, Daddy!!”

Harry had immediately spurted his white juice into his palm, without thinking twice, when suddenly his eyes had flung open and he began panting wildly. It took him half a minute to realize that his one and only baby girl had just orgasmed for him.

A/N: You all loved that little twist at the end, didn't you? Well, don't worry, there's more where that "came" from...hah. No pun intended...hehehehehehehe! Anyway, my biggest thanks go out to:

Sarahamanda: Thanks for reviewing!!! Every review is one step closer to another post!

hxcPANIClvr: Hey, your review made my day! Please review more often and hope you liked this chapter!!!

amin1-2-3: Thanks for your review...my wrist is better, yay!!! Hope you enjoyed yourself this chapter!

Pearl's Beauty: Sorry I haven't updated sooner, but finally, here it is!! YAY! Review some more so that I can post chapter eight!

Nagi Rai: Well, I guess fate allowed me some time between last chapter and this new one for your absence. hah! Thanks for reviewing as always! It's always wonderful to hear from you! Hope you enjoyed this installment!

Moony126: Hey there! Thanks for your faithful review! Don't worry about it coming late, because as you can see...it's been a while since I updated, so do forgive me! And you think THAT was a bad cliffhanger...oh, wait till you read chapter eight!

SweetMisery327: Well, my wrist is better, and hopefully your ankle is too! Thanks for your review...hope to hear from you again!

Vanilla Sunset In The Sky: Well, it's always nice to know that I've changed someone's outlook on things...it's wonderful to open up your eyes to new things...cough(incest being one of them)cough! hehe! Glad you're enjoying my story!!

This is the most reviews I've gotten for a chapter, but I'm proud to say that I'm feeling anxiety at not putting up chapters eight and nine because those two are my absolute favorites!!! woot! just to leave you all hanging of course...do review and you'll find yourself staring at your computer screen faster than you can say pumpkin juice... :D

Chapter Eight: Unwrapping Secrets

Avery awoke to the smell of pancakes, and as she opened her eyes to find herself in a different surrounding than what she was used to, she froze. Only before she realized that she was in her father's bedroom did she finally relax. After a moment, she recalled the previous night: the window cracking, her coming to her dad's room, and her sleeping in her father's arms. Avery smiled to herself, and stretched out her body, feeling an empty bed next to her. She flipped over onto her other side to see that Harry had already gotten out of bed. She was slightly disappointed.

Before rolling out of bed, she fell atop Harry's pillow, stuffing her face in it, trying to get a whiff of Harry's scent. As she was thrashing about, she didn't realize that Harry had been watching.

"Getting a little friendly with my pillow, I see. Well I'll leave you two to get more acquainted," Harry grinned turning to leave in pure humorous fashion.

"Shut up, dad!" Avery moaned, rolling her eyes. "I was just experiencing a little pre-Christmas excitement. It is Christmas Eve, after all," Avery tried to say convincingly. After rolling her eyes, Avery noticed that her father was topless and only wearing a tighter pair of black boxers. She stole a quick peak below his abdomen and at his chest before meeting his eyes, hoping that he hadn't noticed.

"Right," Harry said casting a glance to the side. "Well, never mind the pillow, I brought you breakfast, doll," he uttered summoning the tray out from behind him to hover just above Avery's lap.

"You made me breakfast in bed?" Avery inquired, nearly drooling at the scrumptious-looking meal.

"Yeah, is that alright with you?" Harry asked in playful offense. Avery smiled.

"Of course, thank you!" She grabbed the fork and began to cut her pancakes into little squares, then blanketed them with maple syrup.

As she took her first bite, she allowed for the satisfying taste to penetrate her taste buds.

"It's delicious...why don't you have some with me?"

"I will...I brought myself a plate, too," Harry gestured to the plate entering the room, as though by a puppeteer without the strings.

"Oh! So, it wasn't a special breakfast just for me?" Avery inquired jokingly.

"Yes, it was just for you, but can't a man be hungry?" Harry's voice was steady, but Avery could detect every ounce of sarcasm. Her face softened as she reached out and touched his hand slightly.

"I'm only joking."

She watched Harry smile awkwardly at her before he took a deep breath and dug into his own breakfast.

After finishing up the last few bites of Avery's pancakes that her stomach couldn't tolerate, Harry offered to take her plate.

"I don't know where you learned to cook, dad, but you really are quite the chef!"

"Nah..." Harry sighed trying to sound modest. He took her plate along with his own and stood up to head for the door. "Well, we don't have a lot of time to sit around, we have to be there at ten," Harry said approaching the door.

"Be where at ten?" Avery asked, sitting up and running a hand through her hair.

"Don't you worry about it," Harry said slickly, giving her a smirk that made her stomach flip. "Just be ready to go in a half hour, ok?"

"Alright."

As Harry shut the door, Avery grabbed Harry's pillow and bit the corner of it to keep herself from squealing. She was so overwhelmed with the desire to grab and kiss Harry that she had to somehow restrain herself from not jumping onto him. Although Avery knew that what she was feeling was immoral to most people, she cast her worries aside and decided she would only live for herself and not for what the world expected of her. She was attracted to her father. There was no use lying to herself about it anymore.

Harry sat on the couch, waiting for his daughter to come down, enjoying the comfort of the Christmas tree, but as he sat patiently waiting, his mind was ablaze. As Harry read the Prophet and stroked Hedwig's soft feathers, he couldn't help but think of his daughter. She had come to his room the night before, alone and afraid, wanting to sleep with him, and he couldn't get the image out of his head. He could still see her beautiful body, an angelic silhouette, entering his sleeping chamber in the darkness of the night.

"Alright, I'm ready," she said entering the living room, interrupting his thoughts.

"Great, let's go then." Harry said standing up. Hedwig ruffled her feathers slightly, and Harry followed his daughter out of the room, watching as her hair swayed loosely on her back.

They got in the car, and Harry couldn't help but look down Avery's shirt. She had a red tank on with a button-up sweater over it. The sweater was open, and the tank had white lace around by her cleavage, which Harry's eyes were drawn to. He realized he was almost staring, and didn't want his daughter to notice him checking her out, and so hurriedly ignited the engine and pulled out of the driveway.

While on the road, Avery had closed her eyes to rest since she had not received a full night's sleep. Harry's eyes focused on the road, but just enough to where he could peak a few glances at his beautiful angel. He loved watching her chest rise and fall in slow rhythmic breaths; it was beautiful.

“We’re here,” she heard Harry’s voice say. The sound was a bit muffled, but by the time she had fully awakened, Avery noticed immediately where they were. Her eyes lit up when she saw the black, gray, and brown mares and stallions in the paddocks.

“Horses! We’re at Riverton Ranch!”

Avery unlocked the door and jumped out, running up to the nearest horse behind the wooden fence and reached out her arm to rub the horse’s nose. The horse nuzzled her hand.

“Hey, you’re here!” Avery heard a familiar manly voice from behind her say. She turned around to see Ron, Hermione, Jordan, and Maria heading her and Harry’s way.

“Hiya Ron,” Harry said shaking his hand and nodding to the rest of the family. “Mione...Jordan...Maria...nice to see everyone so soon!” Avery patted the horse one last time before running up to the rest of the group.

“Hey everyone!” She piped up.

“Hi Av!” Maria said.

“Long time no see,” came Ron’s voice.

“Well, why don’t we go get our rides paid for, then,” Hermione said in a very motherly fashion, tugging on Ron’s coat. “C’m on Ronald.”

“Yes, dear,” the redhead said smiling and following behind his wife. Harry remained standing with his daughter and her friends before speaking up.

“Well, I better go get our part of the ride covered,” he said, rubbing his hand gently along Avery’s shoulder as he passed. She shivered slightly, and watched him walk away. His arse looked so sexy in those jeans.

“What are you looking at?” Jordan’s voice interrupted her thoughts.

“Hmm? Oh...” she gave a light laugh, “nothing.” Jordan rolled his eyes.

“If you say so...” He began trailing behind Harry, while Avery stayed behind to talk to Maria.

“Maria, I have to talk to you. It’s important.” Avery’s voice became desperate and needed consoling.

“What is it?” Maria was watching Avery curiously.

“I...” Avery took a deep breath. “I think I’m falling for my dad.”

Maria’s eyes became large and bewildered, and then she exhaled, bowing her head and shaking it from side to side.

“What am I supposed to do?” Avery asked as Maria guided her to walk up the hill to where the rest of their families were.

“To be perfectly honest with you, Av...” Maria began, “I’m really not sure.” Avery threw her hands up in disappointment.

“Great...”

“Look, it’s not doing any harm just liking him is it?” Maria inquired sounding like a counselor. Avery took a few seconds before answering just above a whisper.

“No.”

“And there’s no way he likes you back, so...” but Avery stopped dead in her tracks, suddenly furious.

“What do you mean he doesn’t like me back?” Avery’s eyes were narrowed and her heart was racing. “Of course he likes me back! Otherwise, he wouldn’t be acting all weird around me, and that’s what

makes this situation horrible...we both like each other!" Avery exclaimed as quietly as she could.

Maria continued walking and Avery followed. They were within twenty feet of their families.

"Look, just don't do anything you'd regret, Av," Maria said, putting a hand on her shoulder. "I really wouldn't want to see you get hurt."

"I'm not going to do anything about it, Maria....I can't." Avery's heart felt as though it had slid down to her stomach, and was being dissolved by all the acids.

"You alright, baby?" Harry asked as the two girls approached.

"Mm hmm, I'm fine," she lied, forcing a smile.

"Well, I know something that will cheer you right up," he said grabbing hold of her and spinning her around. Avery's heart jumped back up into her chest when she saw the two chestnut horses ready to pull the giant sleigh attached to their ropes.

"Holy cricket," Avery muttered, her cheeks assisting the corners of her mouth to turn upwards. "We're not really going on a sleigh ride, are we?" She was trying to hold back her excitement.

"Yes, we really are," Harry, said admiring his daughter's amusement.

"Maria! Come on! Let's get in," Avery said rushing over to the horses that were ready to pull them on a wintry ride. "Hello," Avery whispered, stroking the mare's mane. The chestnut horse whinnied and nuzzled Avery's shoulder.

"He likes you," Ron said, assisting Hermione into the sleigh. Jordan followed.

"You think so?" Avery asked beaming.

"Who wouldn't?" Harry said winking at her, allowing for her to get on after Maria. "After you then," Harry said offering his hand to his

daughter. Avery took it willingly and climbed aboard the sleigh. She took a seat at the very end next to Maria, leaving a spot for Harry on the other side of her.

“Well, we’re off, then, I guess,” Ron said as Harry took his seat next to Avery. “The man at the counter said that the horses know where to go.”

“So they just pull themselves without a driver?” Jordan asked.

“I suppose so, because that’s what the ma—” but before Ron had time to finish, everyone felt a jolt as the sleigh began to move. “Yes,” Ron finished, “they do pull themselves without a driver.”

As the horses began to pick up speed and the blades of the sleigh ran smoothly over the freshly fallen snow, everyone had covered up in blankets and were enjoying the cold. Hermione had summoned up some glasses of tea and hot chocolate.

Avery was holding onto her cup of hot cocoa, when she felt Harry’s arm go around her shoulders.

“You warm enough, darling?” He asked leaning in close to her. Avery felt as though she would drown in his swirling emeralds. She could barely speak, and so just nodded, then quickly took a sip of cocoa, before pretending to be interested in the scenery around them.

As the ride wore on, everyone’s conversations ceased so that they could focus on the beautiful surroundings. It began to snow just a few minutes before the ride was over, and Avery caught a couple of flakes on her tongue. She could feel Harry watching her. She heard Hermione and Maria chatting away as Jordan and Ron were talking of something to do with gifts, when she felt Harry’s hand start running through her black locks.

“This was a really beautiful ride, dad,” Avery managed to say without squeaking. She turned to look at her father, who seemed to have an indecipherable face on. He nodded.

“Everything about it was gorgeous.”

She could see the desire in his eyes as he smiled at her. Her heart was racing like the runners on the sled as she felt his arm pull away. Her shoulders suddenly became cold. She shivered.

"Are you cold?" He asked, picking up her chin with his hand so that she would look at him directly in the face.

"Yeah, your arm was warm around me, and then you took it away." To her surprise, he took off his coat, and put it on her instead.

"You wear this if you're cold."

"But won't you freeze without a jacket on?" Avery asked sounding like a mother.

"I'll be fine. I have a few layers on." He smiled at her.

As they hopped off the sleigh when the ride was over, Ron and Harry charmed some twigs into carrots, and handed them to the girls so that they could feed the horses. The chestnut creatures accepted with gratitude, and as the two families tracked through the snow back to their cars, Avery stole a glimpse at Harry, thinking he wouldn't be looking at her, and giggled to herself when she noticed that he was looking at her chest.

Dammit, I think she saw me looking. Brilliant, Harry. Just brilliant.

Harry looked away as soon as he had seen Avery watching him, and turning away, he felt his face becoming hot.

"Well, we'll see you at our house then for lunch, then?" Hermione asked, as Jordan and Maria situated themselves in the car.

"Yeah," Harry said, watching Avery hop into the passenger's seat of the car and buckle up. "We'll see you at your house." Hermione nodded and not until both cars had fired up their ignitions and pulled out of the driveway did Avery finally speak up.

“Well, that was rather enjoyable and exciting going on a sleigh ride, wasn’t it?”

“So, you had a good time, huh?” Harry asked.

“A good time?” Avery repeated, her eyes growing large. “I had a blast! I’ve never done that before and you know how much I adore horses! It was amazing!” She smiled out the window, her face glowing. He really did have the most beautiful daughter in the world.

When he and Avery pulled up at the Weasley’s, they noticed another car in the driveway.

“I wonder whose car that is?” Harry questioned, trying to read the license plate.

“Don’t you remember?” Avery asked, her voice faint. “It’s the Longbottom’s.”

When Harry and Avery entered, Harry’s throat clenched at the sight of Avery’s ex.

“Hi Av!” Riley called, coming to wrap her in a big hug. “Haven’t seen you since school, how are you?”

“I’m fine, Riley...really.” Harry clenched his teeth as she smiled up at him. “Of course you remember my father, Harry,” she said gesturing toward him. Riley stuck out his hand.

“How could I forget? Happy Christmas, Sir,” Riley said shaking Harry’s hand.

“Happy Christmas, Riley,” Harry said making his grin seem as real as possible.

Everyone sat down for lunch and ate until they were full. The adults talked about work, while the young ones discussed school life.

“Did you know that Damien got expelled?” Riley was saying to Jordan and Maria. Avery lowered her head. “Tell them about it, Av.”

“Um, Riley? Do you mind if we talk about something else? I don’t feel like getting in to all that on Christmas Eve.” Avery saw Maria smile at her.

“Oh! Sure, that’s fine. I just...thought I’d mention it. He deserved it!” Avery gave a half-hearted smile before glancing down the table at Harry. He had been watching her, but she smiled at him, as she so often did, to keep him from feeling too embarrassed for being caught staring at her.

“Well, it was great having everyone!” Ron and Hermione said as each of their guests was getting ready to leave and saying goodbye.

“It was nice seeing you again,” Neville said hugging Hermione and shaking hands with Harry and Ron.

“Great to see you, as well,” Harry said holding Neville’s hand in a firm grip.

“Well, Happy Christmas to you all!” He said as he exited with his wife and son.

“I’ll see you back at school, Av. Happy Christmas,” Riley said before leaving, giving her a quick peck on the hand. She smiled as he walked out, then turned to look at her father, who was staring at Riley a little too red in the face not to be angry.

“Dad,” Avery said trying to get Harry’s attention. “We should probably go.” Harry nodded and said his farewells to the Weasley’s before heading home.

When Avery and Harry got back to the house, she walked into the house to see the perfect Christmas setting: the tree was lit and it smelt of pine. It was lovely.

Harry had calmed down once he had come inside the house and smelt the sap of the tree and saw its beautiful branches lined with colored lights and different shaped ornaments.

“There you are!” He heard Avery say from the kitchen as he plopped down on the couch. “You feeling better Gin?” Harry nodded to himself. Gin always got ill for about a week around Christmas time every year, and she went into the doghouse in the basement to lie around and get better. Harry and Avery both knew better than to go down there while Gin was in her “sick state.”

“Dad! Gin’s back just in time for Christmas!” Avery shouted from the kitchen. She walked in with the dog trailing behind her, wagging her tail wildly.

“I think she missed us,” Avery said, scratching Gin behind the ears.

“She missed you,” Harry smiled. Avery just rolled her eyes.

Time flew, and before either Harry or Avery knew it, it was seven o’clock and time for the Potter Christmas Eve to begin. Harry clapped his hands once and all the lights but the ones on the tree turned off, and candles automatically lit themselves while a pot of tea floated in the living room, pouring a cup for the two of them.

“What kind of music would you like tonight?” Avery asked as she took her cup of tea.

“Something soft,” Harry uttered, sipping his hot tea. “You’re going to love all your stuff, I promise,” Harry said beaming.

“Yeah? Well, you’re going to like everything I got you, too,” Avery said, taking a seat next to her father on the couch and thrusting her wand up into the air to start the soft Christmas melodies. Harry watched as Avery took off her sweater.

“Ladies first,” Harry said summoning the first gift to his daughter’s lap. She took the box and shook it.

“Hey! That’s cheating!” Harry protested, breaking into a grin.

“No it’s not,” Avery muttered, tearing off the paper and revealing the bottle of perfume that Harry had bought. She opened the bottle and took a whiff.

“Oo, this smells lovely! Thank you!” She said putting the box aside.

“You’re more than worth it,” Harry said, taking a sip of tea.

“Alright,” she said summoning her father’s first gift, “you’re turn.” Harry unwrapped his first gift and pulled out a pair of new black shoes.

“Hey! These are great! I can definitely use these for work,” Harry beamed. “Thank you.”

They continued unwrapping gifts until each had the final gift to open.

“Ok, now it’s time for your big gift,” Avery said, getting up and grabbing the big box with her hands rather than summoning it. She put it down on the floor in front of Harry.

“Open it.” Harry looked up at her, wondering whether it was a funny gift or something serious. After tearing the paper off and opening the box, he pulled out two tickets.

“What are they?” Harry inquired observing the tickets with curiosity.

“They’re two plane tickets to the United States. I know you said that you and mum were going to go there before the whole thing happened with, well...you know...so I got them for you. You can take Ron or whoever you want. But I just thought that—” But Harry cut her off.

“They’re brilliant, doll, but...I really would like you to come with me.”

“I would be honored,” Avery said. Harry had tears in his eyes, but he brushed them away with his hands.

“How did you afford these?” Harry asked.

“I have my ways,” Avery smirked.

Harry smiled. “Well, I guess I can’t ask you how much my gift was, because your gift was outrageously expensive,” Harry admitted. Avery gave him a face.

“Why did you spend so much on me?”

“Because you’re my only child...my only daughter, and I love you with all I am,” Harry said. “Now, you’ll have to close your eyes.”

“What? Again?” Avery asked playfully.

“Just please do it,” Harry begged.

“Alright, alright!” Avery pouted. “But hurry! I want to see what you got me! You got me all excited for it!”

Harry grabbed her hand, telling her to make sure her eyes were closed and led her to the back door.

“Is it outside?” Avery asked bewildered, keeping her eyes shut.

“Yes,” Harry muttered, feeling Avery’s hand squeezing his as she squealed quietly in anticipation.

“Brr, it’s cold out here, dad,” Avery whined.

“Alright, baby...open your eyes.”

Avery’s eyes got wider than saucers.

“OH MY GOD!” She squealed aloud. “YOU BOUGHT ME A RED MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE?!” She jumped up and down with enthusiasm before throwing herself at Harry, nearly collapsing him.

“Oh! Thank you so much, dad! It’s brilliant! It’s the best present ever!” She yelped with her arms wrapped tightly around Harry’s neck. She ran to the car and hopped in the driver’s seat, as Harry slowly sauntered over to it.

“So, I take it you like it, then?” Harry asked sarcastically. She gave Harry a ‘duh I like it!’ look, and Harry laughed to himself.

“Well, I know you’ll enjoy it, so...Happy Christmas, Avery.” She got out of the car, trying to suppress her thrill, and gave her dad a sincere hug.

“I love it; all of it. Thank you so much!” She gave him a huge kiss on his cheek, and he smiled at the touch of her soft lips.

Avery had fallen asleep on the couch watching ‘Miracle on 34th Street’ with her dad, and when she awoke, she found a note sitting on the coffee table next to her.

Avery-

You were sleeping so peacefully that I didn’t want to wake you. Don’t forget to leave out the cookies and milk for Santa. I took a shower and went to bed. Call me if you need anything. I love you! Happy Christmas Eve!

She smiled and then got up to summon the milk and cookies to the table next to the tree. She made sure all the candles had been blown out, then staggered upstairs to take a shower as well.

When she entered the lavatory, she could feel the muggy steam soak into her skin. Dad must have just taken his shower. She wiped the mirror with her hand, and pulled out a brush from inside the vanity drawer. She brushed her black locks, and ran her fingers through it. It was nice and silky. She thought about how Harry had ran his hands through it earlier and couldn’t help but feel a surge of pleasure.

Avery watched herself in the mirror as she took off each article of clothing, slowly, as though she were doing it as a strip tease for her father. She took off her pants and made a face at herself in the mirror. When she took off her shirt, she examined her breasts in her reflection. They weren't the biggest, but they were full enough for her. She couldn't help but wonder what Harry would think if he'd ever saw them. Although, catching him staring at her chest today gave her a pretty rough idea of what he really did think.

As she took off her bra and panties, she ran her hands across her body and through her hair, making sensual faces to the mirror. Her skin wasn't as pale as Harry's, but she knew she wasn't dark by any means. When she was finally done admiring herself in the mirror, she stepped into the shower.

Avery let out a piercing shriek when she saw her father standing naked in the shower, soaking wet. She grabbed the shower curtain and covered herself as she shut her eyes tightly. She heard Harry curse under his breath as he fled from the loo, and not until five minutes had passed did she actually take her shower.

Once she had rid her body of all unwanted hairs, had soaped and lathered, and washed her hair, she looked out into the bathroom to make sure Harry hadn't come back in. As Avery stepped out of the shower, she suddenly suffered a hunger, a hunger that would satisfy her mind as well as her body. She needed to know exactly how her father felt about her, and she was going to find out tonight.

Instead of grabbing the towel to dry herself, she simply seized her towel off the hook and wrapped it around her dripping wet body. She opened the lavatory door and began walking down the corridor to the end where her father's bedroom lay. As she walked, she could feel herself dripping down her inner thighs, and she knew for a fact that it wasn't water.

When she reached the closed door, her heart was pounding. She needed to talk to him. Avery took a deep breath and knocked.

A/N: Soooo? What did everyone think??? I know I'm going to have a TON of reviews just BEGGING for me to update! But...here's the thing...I'm not updating until I have TWENTY REVIEWS! So, get your

friends to read my story...pass it along, and allow my sensational work of art to fill the eyes of future generations!!!!...:pause: ok, I feel like being dramatic...I'm a writer, what can I say? So...unless I have 20 or more reviews, chapter nine will not be posted! And you are only allowed TWO reviews...everyone can send in two reviews under their own name, but that's it!

THANKS AGAIN TO EVERYONE! I just LOOOOVE keeping you all on the edge of your seats...alright, until chapter nine!

And, by the way, MATURE CONTENT IN THIS CHAPTER!!!! And it's definitely one of my favorites so it shouldn't be too hard to get reviews! ;) Hope you love every second of it as much as I do! Farewell my dears and enjoy yourselves to the MAX!!! ;)

Chapter Nine: A Taste of Reality

Harry's heart could have been the knock at the door since his heartbeats were thumping wildly. He had seen his daughter naked, although he had shut his eyes rather quickly, and covered himself before darting out of the loo. He hadn't had enough time to focus on the details of his daughter's artful physique, but he saw enough to know that she had not been wearing any clothes at all. He swallowed hard and sat up in his bed.

"Come in."

As he watched his daughter open the door to his bedchamber, he suffered from his heart skipping a few beats. It was like one of his dreams had finally become reality. The way she was standing in the doorway, innocent, yet ironically devilish holding just a towel in front of her naked body, was extremely erotic.

"H-hi," he managed to whisper before swallowing so hard that he thought for sure his daughter would hear.

"Hey," she said shyly. "Do you mind if I come in?"

"Not at all." Harry cleared his throat as she sauntered in the room. Her dripping hair was enough to make Harry's insides squirm. She sat on the edge of his bed next to him. She was extremely close. Harry could feel his heart climb up into his throat.

"Dad," she began, her voice a bit hoarse, "we have to talk about something."

"What is it?" He asked, feeling the nerves start to take hold of him. He felt his hands start to shake slightly. He watched her lick her luscious lips, the way she did when she was extremely nervous.

"I have a confession to make," she said, her voice trembling. She began biting her lower lip.

Aw, don't do that...you'll make me come if you don't stop that...

"Wh-what is it?" Harry stammered, now giving his own lips a quick swipe of his tongue.

"I—I really don't know how to say it," Avery stuttered. Harry could see how nervous she was, and despite the fact that his nerves had gotten the best of holds on him, he knew he had to somehow calm her. He placed his hand on her bare thigh.

She swallowed hard before turning to look at him. He watched as her jade eyes glistened with curiosity. Harry could feel beads of sweat forming in the creases of his shoulder and at the nape of his neck. Neither said a word as Harry began caressing his daughter's wet thigh. Each Potter looked at the other, wild with interest and desire.

Harry licked his lips slowly, and watched as her eyes traveled to his lips. He could feel his cock growing harder by the minute. He sat there rubbing her thigh waiting for her to make the next move, allowing him to live out more of his fantasies. She looked down at his hand, and then slowly reached for it with her own. Her hand was as smooth as a baby's bottom. Harry's heart began pulsating even more rapidly when he felt her guide his hand inside her towel. He shuddered when he felt her bare stomach, and as she guided his hand with her own to touch her breasts, Harry couldn't help but emit a tiny moan.

Her breasts were even better than he imagined. They were as soft as her hands, and they fit right inside his palm. Harry's cock had begun to throb at the touch of her hard nipples. He rubbed them, teasingly, and as his daughter's head tilted back in overwhelming pleasure, he placed his other hand on her neck to support her head.

Slowly, Avery let go of Harry's hand, giving him the signal that he could explore her body at his own pace. He ran his hand in between her hard breasts, along her chest, where he could feel her heart racing, and pulled the towel, letting it fall into her lap.

She opened her eyes at him, breathing heavily. He looked down at his daughter's luscious-looking rack, feeling his throat going dry. His emeralds locked with hers, and after a moment, he placed his hand on the side of her face and brought her lips to meet his own.

Harry felt himself give in to the feeling of ecstasy at the touch of his daughter's lips. She kissed him like a woman; experienced and slow, making his erotic sensation become so intense that he felt he might explode. He was surprised at how quick he felt her velvet rosy tongue enter his mouth, but had no complaints. As father and daughter had a battle of taste buds, suffering in pleasure at the other's taste, Harry had picked his daughter up slightly, bringing her over to lay her head on his pillow.

The towel had not yet allowed for his daughter's clitoris to be exposed, and Harry's desire to see it, devour it, and penetrate it made it torturous. Harry was nude, and as he lay next to his daughter, he knew she must have felt his cock throbbing on her thigh. They continued tonguing one another passionately, enjoying being the recipient of the other's saliva.

Harry's body shuddered as he slowly took his mouth off hers and began kissing down her jaw-line to the base of her neck. As he did this, he continued to tease her by lightly rubbing his fingertips over her hard nipples. She sighed and moaned, running her fingers through his jet-black locks, until he finally made his way down to her breasts with his mouth.

He looked up into her beautiful green eyes as he leisurely took one nipple in his moist, hot mouth and began sucking on it tenderly. He watched as she closed her eyes, licking her lips, begging silently for more. He watched as her lips formed a small 'o' as he licked and sucked on her nipple. He slowly grazed his tongue over her chest to the other tit, making a circular motion with his tongue around the nub, making it hard. After biting her bottom lip and quivering, Avery pulled his head up to look at her.

She reached for his hand and bit by bit dragged it down her chest and stomach to her lower abdomen. Harry realized what she was doing, and he felt his mouth become a complete lack of moisture. He felt her uncover herself with the towel, and felt as she assisted his hand to touch her inner thigh. Harry moaned a bit louder as he felt the come seeping down. He looked up at her, and after a moment's pause, he gradually ran his finger up inside her wet cave.

Harry felt Avery shudder beneath him and emit a groan of elation as he slid his index finger in and out of her wet pussy. He looked back and forth from her face that kept contorting into bliss to how sexy his finger looked ascending and descending in and out of her.

Harry's tongue was aching to taste her rich creamy sauce, and so, without warning, he slid his body down so that she could feel his hot breath on her clit.

Harry felt his daughter's entire body arch at his tongue's first encounter with her vagina. He placed his hands on either side of her thighs, as he slowly ran his tongue up her left pussy lip. He could feel her shaking, and he ran his hands up and down her thighs to calm her. He heard her breathing become staggered as he ran his tongue over her moist clitoris. Every time he slid his tongue over her hump, she would moan, making Harry's cock ache for release. Harry savored the sweet flavor of his daughter's juice, letting it run over his lips and down his chin. After several minutes of eating his daughter out, Harry felt the need to liberate his cock of his first load, and to his surprise, Avery was more than willing to help.

As he finished licking up the remnants of his daughter on his lips, she sat up, and pushed him down, hovering him with her body. Harry lay down immediately, allowing for his daughter to take control, and as he sunk into his comforter, he felt Avery placing tiny kisses on his lower abs, right above his cock. He had shaven the night before, and was still relatively smooth, but as he felt a pair of lips take hold of the head of his cock, Harry lost all train of thought.

He closed his eyes, unaware of anything except the pleasure that was coursing through his body, and felt the blood surging in his member, making him feel the need to burst. He was astonished by

the delicacy of his daughter's sucking, which made the experience ten times more sexually pleasing. She ran her tongue up and down his shaft, and he moaned, bucking his hips slightly. As her sucking became more rapid and wet, Harry knew he couldn't hold off much longer. He picked up her face gently, and then laid her back on his pillows. The ecstasy was coursing through him like a poison. Gently, Harry positioned himself above his sixteen-year-old daughter, and spread her legs apart with his own. Her black hair was hanging down on her white body, symbolizing that Harry would be soiling his own daughter's purity, and after taking a deep breath, Harry unhurriedly glided his cock into his baby girl's tight, wet pussy.

Avery's face scrunched up as Harry's cock penetrated her damp cave, and she held her breath while her mouth formed an 'O' before letting the moan escape between her lips. Harry moaned back to her as he gently rocked back and forth inside of her. Harry's bucking motion became swifter as his daughter's whimpers of bliss grew more intense. Harry's cock felt rejuvenated at the touch of his baby girl's virgin clit, and as Harry slid in and out more rapidly, feeling the muscles in his abdomen contract, he heard his daughter moan a request.

"I want you to make me scream, daddy."

"I'll make you scream, baby girl...but if you're going to scream, you're going to have to scream my name..." Harry groaned. "Alright, you asked for it..." and with that, Harry lifted his daughter's legs, and on his knees, began thrusting himself inside of his baby girl.

"Ohhh Daddy!!"

"Uhhh! Yeah Avery!!!"

Harry could feel himself getting ready to come. The faster he went, the more he realized he wanted to release inside of her. He wanted to squirt his sperm up inside her, splashing her with his wet seed. He bucked his hips as fast as he could, as his daughter screamed. He watched her breasts bounce as he rocked back and forth inside her, feeling himself ready to explode.

“COME FOR ME, BABY GIRL!!!” Harry cried out, not letting his weakening thighs stop him from plummeting himself into his daughter.

“OH, HARRY I LOVE YOUR FUCKING COCK!!!”

Harry gave his last thrust an extra push, and felt her body clench as her clit went rigid, and Harry felt his cock become extra stiff as he felt himself release his seed inside of his daughter’s pussy, and at the same time, Harry felt Avery’s juice spill all over his throbbing cock. Harry and Avery both stopped breathing momentarily with their faces contorted in ecstasy, and then finally caught their breath and sighed in pleasure, both breathing heavily. Harry allowed himself to finish coming before slowly pulling out and collapsing next to his daughter.

As Harry lay naked with his little Avery, he realized that he was in love with her. He had fallen for his daughter, and he knew that tousling her purity would be what he needed to proceed living his life without having to dwell on dreams.

A/N: So what did you think? Was that HOT enough for you? I know everyone was dying after the last cliffie, but it was worth the wait, right?! I'm looking forward to those reviews!! Till Chapter 10 then...

Chapter Ten: An Awkward Christmas

As Harry opened his sleepy eyes, he felt as though his body had gone through bootcamp. His thigh muscles were cramped, his abs felt tight, and everything else seemed unable to hold itself up. He hoisted himself to sit up, and rubbed his eyes, throwing the covers off. He had forgotten he was naked, and suddenly pulled the sheets back over himself, although no one was in the room.

It took Harry a few moments to realize that Avery had gone. He looked around the room to make sure, before standing up and stretching. As he leaned down to put on his boxers and slid into his slippers, his nostrils filled with the magical scent of freshly smoked bacon coming from the kitchen.

Harry followed the smell out of his bedroom, down the corridor, and down the steps into the kitchen. Avery had gotten fully dressed, and had her black hair in a ponytail.

“Hi,” Harry managed to say, leaning in the doorframe, watching as his daughter was frantically making breakfast.

“Hi,” she replied without taking her eyes off the frying pan. Harry detected the tenseness in her voice.

“Everything alright?” He asked, striding over to her.

She nodded quickly making sure everything about the bacon she was making was perfect. Harry put a hand on her shoulder, and she couldn’t help but look up.

“Look,” Harry began, but Avery had freed herself from his grip, and walked over to the fridge to get some orange juice, but Harry knew that it was a diversion not to look at or speak with him.

“Avery, will you please listen to me?” Harry asked kindly, taking a seat at the table, trying not to make her feel vulnerable.

“Sure.”

Harry sat there, watching her scamper across the kitchen like a mouse, trying to cook the bacon and fervently clean as so to avoid him.

“Avery!” Harry’s voice was authoritative and stern. She paused in mid-step.

“You can’t just pretend that what happened last night didn’t happen,” Harry began calmly. She licked her lips and shifted her weight from foot to foot. “Last night was incredible, Av. I never imagined it would be that wonderful...” Harry paused, allowing his words to sink in, but not so far that Avery would think they were cutting into her flesh.

“I’ve only ever slept with one woman, and that was your mother, Ginny.”

“Enough!” She shrieked. Her voice penetrated Harry’s ears like a whistle had just been blown right into his eardrum. “It was wrong! It was very, very wrong on both of our parts!”

Harry sighed deeply before replying, as he watched his daughter’s lips quivering.

“Come here,” he spoke softly. She obeyed. As she came closer, Harry realized she was crying. “Look,” he said gently taking her hand, “neither of us knew it was going to happen. It was out of our control, Avery. Now, I’m not saying that it was right for us to do that, because according to law, I could be in Azkaban right now.”

“Which is precisely why I’m so ruddy irritated with myself! I should have never come to your bedroom. It’s all my fault!” Avery sobbed, holding her face in her hands. Harry gingerly pulled her hands away from her face, and held them in his. Her hands were delicate and soft.

“It’s both of our faults,” Harry reassured her. “But I don’t regret it. Not for one second.” He looked up into his daughter’s gleaming eyes.

“I don’t regret it either, I mean, yes, it was enchanting and enthralling, but Merlin’s Beard, Dad...you could be sent to Azkaban!” Avery cried.

"I'm not going to Azkaban. No one will find out about all this, believe me."

"I hope you're right," Avery said, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Well, let's get ready to go to Ron and Hermione's," Harry said changing the subject. Avery nodded, and without having a bite of her own breakfast, headed up the stairs in silence. Harry understood what she was feeling: terrified, slightly ashamed, and overwhelmed. The previous night had happened like a dream; quick and pleasurable. It was almost odd for Harry to actually realize that he had made love to his daughter only hours before he had awakened that morning.

Without further ado, Harry magically packed some of the food away to bring over to the Weasley's, and dressed in the kitchen. He charmed his boxers to change into pants, socks and shoes, and also allowed for his body to be dressed in an undershirt covered by a white button-down. He checked himself in the window, and nodded approvingly. When Avery had finished getting ready, they both hopped in the car, and drove to Ron and Hermione's hardly saying a word.

As they neared the house, Avery unbuckled rather quickly, and dashed through the snow up the steps, and entered the house. Harry made no haste to get inside, because even though he knew that no Weasley knew of the previous night, he felt as though some dark symbol projecting his wrongdoing was floating above his head.

"Happy Christmas, Everyone!" Avery said, taking off her boots, and running to give Hermione and Maria hugs. Ron and Jordan were fixing the fireplace with logs, so that they could warm the house. Harry watched as his daughter wrapped herself around his friend.

"Hi Avery! Happy Christmas to you!" Hermione beamed, grabbing her into her arms. Avery hugged Maria next.

“And Harry,” Hermione said turning towards him, “Happy Christmas as always!” She wrapped herself around him, and kissed his cheek. It felt nice to have someone like Hermione, a sisterly sort of figure, to be with on Christmas. Besides, if it weren’t for Avery, Hermione and Ron would have been the only family Harry had in existence, besides the Dursley’s.

As Harry let go, Ron came into the room, hugged Avery, then made his way over to Harry, arms outstretched.

“Come here, you!” He said clasping his sturdy arms around Harry’s shoulders. “Happy Christmas, mate!”

“You too, Ron,” Harry said smiling. Harry offered the breakfast food Avery had prepared to Hermione. “It just needs to be heated up a little bit and it should be fine.”

“Oh, Harry!” Hermione blushed. “You didn’t have to bring us anything!”

“Well, Avery made it, so...I just thought I’d bring it along since neither of us ate it this morning.”

“Well, that was thoughtful of you anyway. I’ll warm it up and put it on some plates right now,” Hermione said bustling away. Ron rolled his eyes and lead Harry in the direction of the family room, where the fire was crackling away.

“Nice fire, Ron...did you do it all by yourself?” Harry teased, taking a seat on the soft-cushioned couch.

“Shut up,” Ron muttered, chuckling quietly at Harry’s mockery. Harry watched as Avery sat with Maria by the tree, grabbing presents and shaking them.

“Hey! You two better stop cheating,” Ron suggested. “If your mother finds out, Maria, that you went through your presents and shook them, you know she’ll have a fit about it.”

“You honestly think I care what mum says, dad? It’s Christmas!”

The two girls giggled, and Harry couldn't help but be pleased by how beautiful his daughter looked when she was laughing with glee.

Hermione had set the table with the finest dishware and silverware for the Christmas dinner. She had cooked smoked ham, had mashed some potatoes, and had made a pumpkin pie. Everyone had wine, including the kids, since everyone was almost of age.

The six of them laughed and talked over the delicious meal, Harry reliving the story account of his and his best friend's first Christmas together and how they had to find the Sorcerer's Stone. The children, especially Avery, had loved hearing about Harry's adventures as a boy. She seemed lost in thought as he told them, and he loved when she had that dreamy look on her face.

After dinner, the adults cleaned up as the children went into the other room to wait for the opening of gifts. Harry helped clear the table while Hermione started to charm the dishes in the sink to wash themselves.

"Here you are," Harry said handing her the dishes. "It was a fine meal, Hermione; absolutely delicious!"

"Why thank you, Harry," Hermione smiled getting rosy in the cheeks.

"You know, he makes you blush more than I have in years," Ron complained playfully as he, too, handed his wife his dishes.

"Oh, Ronald! Stop that, you know you make me blush when we—"

"Alright," Harry interrupted holding his hand up to silence her, "I get the point. Why don't you just let me go into the other room before you finish that sentence?"

He heard Hermione and Ron chortle as he left the room and accompanied his daughter on the sofa.

"Nice meal, huh?" he asked her. She looked at him and nodded, seemingly unable to speak.

"Alright! We're ready!" Ron announced entering the room, Hermione tagging along behind him. They both took seats in two different recliners, while Jordan occupied himself to a footstool near Maria, who sat cross-legged on the floor.

"Who's the first to open?" Maria asked, looking at her parents.

"Just pick one, darling, and read whose name is on it," Hermione said taking a sip of fresh tea. Maria closed her eyes, and felt her fingers around until she felt one that seemed to have grabbed her attention. She lifted it, opened her eyes and read.

"To Harry, from Hermione and Ron."

"Aww, guys, c'mon! We said just the kids!" Harry sighed, taking the box. "You know you two spoil me!"

"Just open it for Merlin's sake!" Ron said gesturing for Harry to unwrap his gift. Harry tore away the paper, and opened the box to see a nice sweater that Hermione must have knitted.

"Tradition, mate," Ron said, laughing. Harry found it amusing as well and thanked them. He then pointed to a red and silver box on the floor.

"Maria, give that one to your mother, would you?" She grabbed the small box and handed it to Hermione. Hermione shook it slightly, then unwrapped it and opened the tiny box.

"Oh, Harry! You shouldn't have!" Hermione blushed for the third time.

"What is it?" Ron asked fidgeting in his seat to see. "I'm your husband, Hermione, let me see it!"

"He bought me a beautiful necklace with the children's names on it. And look! There's your name, too, Ron!" Hermione said, showing him the necklace.

“Harry, really now, you shouldn’t have gotten this. It must have cost a—“

“Don’t worry about how much it was. Do you like it?”

“It’s wonderful, thank you so much!” Hermione beamed.

“Wow, I’m a lousy husband, then,” Ron said sulkily, putting his head down onto his chest. Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Oh, come off it, Ronald! This is Harry we’re talking about. Stop moaning, it’s Christmas!”

“Yeah, but Harry bought you a necklace, how am I supposed to top that?” Ron asked feeling disappointed in himself.

“Ron, I’m not trying to win your wife’s heart, alright?” Harry said chuckling. “Relax mate, I’ve got another woman I’m after, anyway.” Harry had spoken without thinking. He had not even thought twice that he had just admitted to liking a witch, who happened to be sitting to his immediate right. He felt Avery shift in her seat. He didn’t dare look at her.

“What? You never told us!” Ron exclaimed, forgetting about the necklace. “Who is she? Can we meet her?” Harry went scarlet.

“Uhh...not quite, see—she—err—doesn’t know that I like her, so it’s not like we’ve gotten together or anything,” Harry said trying to cover up his horrid lie.

“Well, what’s her name? Where’s she from?” Hermione asked in total interest.

“Um, her name?” Harry asked stupidly. “Her name, well, see, the funny thing—I don’t even know her name, because...well, I’ve never even spoken to her before. She’s a muggle.” Hermione and Ron both exchanged ‘oh’s’ before shrugging off the piece of news in realization that Harry was in no mood to discuss his situation further.

They continued unwrapping gifts until the wrapping paper was all over the room.

“Well, that about wraps it up, eh?” Ron joked, pointing his wand to all the loose paper, and using magic to clean up. Harry chuckled under his breath, still feeling idiotic for revealing something he should have kept to himself.

As everyone made their way to the door, Hermione and Ron stopped Harry to talk to him.

“Harry, is everything alright?” Hermione asked in her concerned maternal voice.

“I’m fine,” Harry shrugged, watching as both she and Ron exchanged glances.

“Look, mate, we’re your best friends, you can talk to us if something is bothering you,” Ron assured him.

“Trust me,” Harry began, “it’s nothing. Look, everything was great today; the food, the presents, everything. Thanks for being my best mates!” Harry said hugging them both, hoping for no further questioning.

“You’re more than welcome, Harry,” Hermione said squeezing his left arm. “Just know, if you change your mind, we’re here for you.”

Harry nodded approvingly, then without another word, he followed his daughter out to the car.

As soon as he had shut the door in the car, Avery burst out.

“What the bloody hell did you say that for?!” She screeched.

“What?!” Harry asked, shocked by the sound of her shrill voice.

“What you said about being after a woman! What was that about?!”

“Look, it slipped!!” Harry bellowed.

“Well, you might as well just have told them, then!” Her voice was high-pitched and ringing in Harry’s ears, causing his head to begin throbbing.

“Would you stop yelling?” Harry said sternly. “You’re giving me a headache!” Avery immediately stopped, heaved an irritating sigh, and then turned to look out the window. Neither spoke on the rest of the way home.

When they reached their house, Avery jumped out of the car, and ran into the house using “Alohamora” to open the door. Harry followed behind her at a slower pace, kicking a patch of snow as he made his way up the walkway.

When he entered the house, he saw her on the couch with her face buried in the pillows, sobbing. He made his way over to her, unsure whether to comfort her or not. He didn’t want to make things worse. And knowing that she was upset with him made his stomach feel queasy.

“I’m sorry I yelled at you,” he said quietly, enough so she could hear. She picked her head up and looked up at him, puffy-eyed.

“I miss mum,” she blubbered. “I feel like she hates us.”

Harry sat down next to her and brought her sobbing face into his chest. He felt the wetness after a few moments, bleeding through his shirt from her tears. He sat there holding her for a few moments before speaking.

“She doesn’t hate us. In fact, I don’t think Ginny could hate at all, she was such a loving woman,” Harry said brushing Avery’s hair out of her face, trying as hard as he could to encourage her that everything would be alright.

“But I’m your daughter!” Avery sniveled. “If I were her, I’d just think I’m scum.”

"You're not scum," Harry said reassuringly. "Trust me on that." She smiled slightly and took a deep breath.

"Well, I'm worn out. I think I'm going to bed."

Harry nodded. "Yeah, me too."

They stood up and hugged, holding each other tightly, feeling loved and secured at the other's touch.

"Goodnight Daddy," Avery whispered, kissing his lips softly. Harry felt a tingle in the pit of his stomach. He licked the spot where her lips had just been.

"Goodnight beautiful."

Harry watched as she climbed the steps, her hair bouncing slightly on her back. He couldn't help but think how he wanted to ask for her hand in that moment. It was impossible, but Harry couldn't help but picture the look on Avery's face if he had gotten down on one knee and opened a box with a diamond shining up at her.

A/N: Am I hearing any 'hoo-rahs!!!'? I like this chapter a lot...it's just sweet, sexy, and simple. Just my style...anyway, I hope everyone is satisfied now that I have chapter ten up. But like I said, ch. 11 is not written at this time, so give me a little while to write it. I'll have it up as soon as I can!

THANK YOU SOOOOOOOOOO MUCH FOR ALL THE WONDERFUL REVIEWS! Everyone of you counts as special! EVERY review makes me SMILE! Thank you so much for taking that quick second out of your day to comment on my story...it really means more to me than the Triwizard cup and a chocolate frog for sure :)

Chapter Eleven: When the Clock Strikes Twelve

Just about a week had passed and it was already New Year's Eve. Avery hadn't forgotten the fact that she and her father had slept together on the Eve of Christmas, but she had made it a point not to mention it aloud. She had found the concept rather difficult to comprehend. She had made love with her father, her own flesh and blood. The thought was enthralling, but even so, it frightened her. What if the Ministry found out? What if her father was thrown in Azkaban because of her? She tried to ignore it the best she could, but found her methods of trying to forget unsuccessful.

It was already mid-afternoon, and Avery was shoveling the driveway waiting for her father to get home. He had run to the grocery store to pick up a few things for the party that evening. Since Harry had been appointed Minister, he always got a small committee together at the Ministry to coordinate a Ministry New Year's Eve Bash. Since Harry always had millions of other necessities to attend to, he appointed a few select witches and wizards that he was rather fond of to organize it all, paying them an extra bonus.

Since Avery had been younger the years prior, she was ineligible to attend the parties, and although the admittance age was required to be 17 or older, Harry allowed Avery to go this year. She was a few months shy of becoming of age, so Harry let it slide. She was his daughter after all.

As a bead of sweat dripped down Avery's cheek, she looked up momentarily to see Harry coming down the road. She looked around her to make sure no one was looking and quickly finished the driveway by magic. She had finished by the time Harry had pulled up to the driveway.

"Lookin' pretty spiffy," he said, his window rolled down halfway.

"Well, good," Avery sighed wiping her cheek with her mitten, "I've been working on the driveway since you left." Harry had already gotten out of his car and was brushing past her when he replied.

"I wasn't talking about the driveway."

Avery spun around in place, eyebrows lifted, and saw him look over his shoulder at her and smirk. She rolled her eyes and followed him up the walkway, shovel in hand, ignoring the fact that it felt like fifty butterflies had just hatched from their cocoons inside her stomach.

She stomped her boots on the landing, getting as much snow off as possible and then stepped inside the already open doorway. She slid out of her winter clogs when she got inside, and set them next to the heater along with her hat, scarf, and mittens. She took off her wool tunic and hung it in the closet next to Harry's. It was odd. Watching her coat touching her father's inside the closet gave Avery a vision. She was standing where she was now, peering at the two jackets, but next to them were two more; smaller in size and in a blue and pink rather than Avery's red and Harry's black.

Her thoughts were disrupted when she felt a gentle hand cover her shoulder.

"You okay?"

"Yeah," she said, looking over her shoulder at her father. "I just...had a moment I suppose." Harry nodded as if he understood, then removed his hand.

"You want to help me whip up the food I need to make for tonight?" Harry asked, pointing his wand into the air and allowing the room to fill with music.

"That sounds fun," Avery responded.

The two set to work, waving their own wands every which way. Dishes and silverware, along with all the food Harry had bought were flying through the air as father and daughter summoned their own necessary ingredients. Avery was working on a pumpkin pie as well as organizing crackers with cheese onto a platter. Harry, on the other hand, was whipping up the potatoes, cooking the ham and turkey, and cutting up the vegetables and fruits.

When the two were finished with their own tasks, they both set to working on the cake. Harry pulled out the pan that they were going to bake the large pastry in, while Avery gathered the ingredients.

“Engorgio,” Harry muttered pointing his wand at the pan. It enlarged to be about as big as the counter-top.

“Do you think it’s really necessary to make such a big cake?” Avery asked with wide-eyes, staring at the pan.

“Oh yes!” Harry exclaimed. “This particular cake is usually the first thing to be eaten by most of the ministry members, and is definitely the first thing to be gone.”

“Oh? And why’s that?” Avery asked genuinely interested, cracking the eggs into a large bowl.

“Because it’s a recipe that no one else knows. Your mother made it up.”

At the word ‘mother,’ Avery felt suddenly sick to her stomach. Harry had noticed, too.

“What’s the matter, baby? You feel okay?”

“Fine,” she mumbled. “I’m going to go to the loo.”

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Harry asked sounding extremely concerned. Avery nodded and made her way up the stairs to the bathroom.

Once she walked into the lavatory, she suddenly felt better. The cool air had had a calming effect on her. She must have gotten a bit overheated in the kitchen cooking and baking so much. She turned on the faucet and splashed her face with cold water, then dried it off with a hand towel. Once she felt much more relieved, she went back down to help Harry finish baking.

Hours passed, and before either Potter knew it, it was already six o’ clock. Avery watched as her father made sure all the food was

perfectly arranged on the platters and as he stole a glance at the clock, he had a quick intake of breath.

“Merlin’s Beard! We have to get ready! We have to be there in an hour!”

Avery, too, looked at the clock, then got up out of her seat and made her way to the stairs.

“Are you sure you don’t need help with anything because I’m going to get in the shower?” Avery called from the bottom step.

“No, I’m pretty much finished!” Harry called. “Go ahead and shower. I’ll be up in a minute.”

Avery turned and trotted up the stairs and into the bathroom to take her shower. She was quick to wash and was out within a few minutes. As she stepped out of the shower onto the mat, she put her foot up on the edge of the tub, and began drying her leg when she heard the door open behind her. Out of instinct, she snatched her towel and covered herself.

“Did you leave some hot water for me?” Harry asked, heading towards the shower.

“Um...” Avery was barely able to speak. Her eyes had darted immediately to Harry’s exposed chest and abs. The only thing covering him was his maroon towel. As he walked right in front of her, pushing the curtain aside, she felt a tingle somewhere below her abdomen.

“Too bad you had to be so quick,” he said glancing up and down at his daughter slowly. Avery felt her heart start thumping wildly. She was still covering herself, but felt the urge to just let the towel fall to her feet. She still could not manage a word out of her mouth, so she simply stared at her sexy dad in awe.

“Well, I’d be glad to have you join me for a quick re-wash if you’re interested,” Harry said smoothly as he unwrapped his towel and let it

hit the floor. He smiled at Avery, and then disappeared behind the shower curtain.

Avery was unsure of what to do. As desperate as she was to jump right in the shower with Harry, she knew that she had limited time to get ready, and up until now, was not worried about how good she would look for the party.

Heart still pounding, she took a step near the curtain and pulled it back a little, but didn't peek into it.

"Is it going to be too late to have that re-wash once we get home tonight?" Avery asked, biting down hard on her lower lip. She felt the curtain move, and she turned her head to see Harry's inches from hers.

"It's never too late," he said, and leaned in to graze his wet lips against hers. It was a brief kiss, but all in all, it made Avery feel as though she had been lifted off her feet.

"Later then," Harry said smirking. "It's a date." He shut the curtain, leaving Avery to see only a quick glance at his sexy smile. She heaved a heavy sigh then finally made her way out of the bathroom and down the hall to her bedroom.

After Avery had finished swiping her lipstick across her lips, she heard a faint knock at the door.

"Yes?"

"It's me," she heard her father say. "I've come to escort you."

Avery smiled to herself in the mirror. She had put on a short, black, strapless dress and put on some silver hoop earrings along with a matching necklace. Her hair was pinned up and the hair that was lying loose was in little ringlets. She had applied some make-up, and put on some black high-heels for a finishing touch. She hoped that

Harry would appreciate what she was wearing...after all...it was he, and he alone, that she was trying to impress.

She sprayed some perfume, then made her way to the door. When she opened it, it was only too obvious that her father took his time relishing every inch of her body from head to toe.

"You lo—" He cleared his throat. "You look amazing," he whispered, clearly taken aback at his daughter's own beauty.

"You look stunning as well," Avery said, noticing that her father was wearing one of her favorite black suits, along with a black and silver tie. His hair still had a wet look to it, since he had put in some gel. It was messy, but yet, looked absolutely ravishing.

"Shall we go then?" He asked her holding out his arm.

"Yes, we shall." Avery smiled and wrapped her own arm around his elbow, allowing him to escort her down the stairs. He had retrieved her fur from the closet, and wrapped it around her shoulders so that she would stay warm, then opened the door. They stepped out into the chilling air and Avery felt the cold bite at her bare legs. He walked her to the end of the driveway, and then Avery gave her father a quizzical look.

"What are we doing?! It's freezing out here!" She shivered.

"It should be here any minute," Harry said rubbing her arm.

"What should be here any minute?" But before Avery had time to look, a black limousine had already pulled up right in front of them. Her eyes shot wide open.

"You can't be serious!" She said smiling broadly at her father. "We're taking a limo?!"

"Only the best for my daughter," Harry patted her arm, grinning. He opened the door for her, and Avery slid inside.

The interior was dark just like the outside of the grand vehicle. The seats were dark and cushiony. There were two glasses sitting next to the bucket containing the champagne, and Avery also noticed the light-switch used to make the lighting dimmer or brighter. As Harry slid in next to her, the door had shut itself automatically.

“Dad?” Avery said, curiosity in her voice. “Is this limo enchanted or is someone actually driving it?”

“What do you think, sweetheart? I’m going to take advantage of being a wizard for as long as I can,” he chuckled lightly. She laughed along with him, and enjoyed the warmth of his arm wrapping around her as they drove.

Once they had reached the Ministry, both Avery and Harry had each drank one glass of champagne. It made Avery slightly dizzy, but the effect wore off just about as fast as it had come.

Harry stepped out of the car and offered Avery his hand. She took it, and got out of the limo. She took his arm once more as they strode into the Ministry.

As soon as they had gotten inside, Avery noticed the many different witches and wizards, dressed extremely pleasantly, such as she and her father were. The room was filled with many lights, streamers, banners, and a television for everyone to watch the muggle countdown in Times Square, New York. Avery was astonished at how different the place looked from when Harry had brought her here when he had first attained the position of Minister.

As Avery marveled the decorations, she felt Harry lean in towards her.

“I’m going to get us a couple of drinks. You want some more champagne? I could tell you were enjoying it back there in the limo.” Avery gave him a sly look and nodded. He smirked and was off, leaving her alone by the fountain. She glanced around, noticing that there weren’t many young witches or wizards aside from a few and felt sort of out of place. Suddenly, in the midst of her thought, she heard her name being called.

“AVERY!” Came a voice from behind her. She turned to see Maria dashing towards her in a midnight blue satin gown.

“MARIA! HI! I didn’t know you were coming! What are you doing here?!” She said giving Maria a hug, feeling much better that there was someone her age to talk to.

“Well, didn’t your dad tell you he invited us?!” Maria asked, slightly out of breath.

“No! He never mentioned it!” Avery said, excited and relieved that her best friend was there with her.

“Well, anyway, Jordan and mum couldn’t come because he got sick, so it’s just me and dad.”

“Oh, well, where is he?” Avery asked, looking behind Maria to see if she could spot Ron.

“I think he ran into someone he knows or something,” Maria shrugged. “But who cares! Let’s go get something to eat, I’m starving!” Avery suddenly remembered that Harry had forgotten the food.

“Hang on, Maria. I have to go find my dad a minute. I think we left the food at home.”

“Ok, I’ll be right here,” she heard Maria say as Avery made her way over to the drink table. She saw Harry coming towards her, and she ran up to talk to him.

“Did you remember to bring the food?”

“Yeah, it’s already on the table. I had it in the limo before I even went up to shower.”

“Wow, you’re good,” Avery said impressed. “So, did you get my drink?”

“How could I have forgotten?” Harry asked handing her the glass of sparkling liquid. She took it graciously, and then pulled his arm to follow her.

“I didn’t know you were inviting the Weasley’s,” she said. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Thought it’d be a nice surprise,” he said casually, taking a sip of his beer.

As Harry and Avery came closer to Maria, Ron had appeared.

“Hey mate! How’s it going?” He asked, shaking Harry’s hand.

“Great! Did you grab yourself a drink?” Harry asked lifting his amber glass.

“Not yet. I just ran into Lavender Brown. Of course she wanted to talk to me. I had no idea she worked here, even.”

“Yeah, she works in the Department of Mysteries. Of all places, I know,” Avery heard her father say, as Ron gave him a look.

“Well, the band is starting up. Who wants to dance?” Harry asked after taking another sip of his drink. Avery swallowed some champagne and shrugged.

“I’ll dance if no one else will.”

“Oo! I want to dance with you, Harry!” Maria chimed in. “D’you mind?”

“Not at all,” Harry said, giving his beer to Ron, then offering his hand. “We’ll be back in a minute,” he said, leading Maria onto the dance floor. As Avery watched them dance, she couldn’t help but get jealous.

“Do you want to dance?” Ron asked, setting Harry’s drink down. Avery looked up at him and smiled. She put her glass down and stood up.

“I’d love to.”

The four of them danced for a few hours, switching partners so that the fathers would dance with their daughters and then back again. They took breaks, the girls going to the bathroom to “freshen up” and Harry and Ron chatting with Ministry members, and running into a few old friends. The girls had continued drinking some champagne, while both fathers were consuming beer. They laughed, danced, and mingled until it was nearly midnight.

“We’ve got about two minutes now,” Harry was saying as all four of them huddled with everyone else, eyes focused on the screen. Avery was standing next to Harry, near the back of the crowd, and she felt him run his hand along her bottom.

“I wish we could be there right now,” Avery confessed. She felt Harry turn his attention towards her. His gaze was not entirely focused on her since he had been drinking, but neither was Avery’s.

“I’ll take you there, sometime, doll. I promise.”

“One minute to go!” Ron shouted. Everyone was getting louder and ready to count down. Avery took one last swig of her champagne and felt its effect immediately.

“Ten...Nine...Eight...”

Everyone was counting down together.

“Seven...Six...Five...”

Avery felt Harry put his hand on her thigh.

“Four...Three...”

He started rubbing.

“Two...One...HAPPY NEW YEAR!”

People were shouting, clapping, and kissing. The noisemakers were going off left and right. Harry and Avery hugged Maria and Ron, and

everyone became entangled in one another's arms, and for some, even strange lips met with the drunkenness. Avery was clapping when she felt a tug on the back of her dress, and she was being pulled into the shadows behind a barrier. She felt Harry push her up against it and brush his lips against hers. Avery could taste the beer on Harry's breath as their tongues became entwined. She heard voices, and realized that Harry had heard them, too, because he broke away from her. Silently, he grabbed her hand and darted off down a dark corridor, the noise of New Year's Eve trailing behind like dust.

Harry rounded a corner and hopped into the nearest elevator, allowing Avery to enter first. He pressed a button and they rode up a few flights until the doors opened again. He led Avery down another poorly lit passageway until he reached the end. Avery noticed the sign on the door. It read: Harry J. Potter-Minister for Magic.

As they clambered into his dark office, Avery swayed a little as her father conjured a single candle in the middle of the room, allowing it to float above them, giving them just enough light to see. Avery turned and stared at her father. Her heart was pounding ceaselessly as she watched him come closer and closer to her. She could see the desire in his eyes as he advanced her slowly. With every step, Avery felt her heart pace quicken, and she didn't realized that she had backed into a wall. Harry was standing right in front of her now. She looked up into his shining emerald orbs and felt the soft stroke of fingertips slide from her shoulder down her arm. Harry's eyes never left hers.

Harry brought his lips to her forehead, and without thinking, Avery closed her eyes. He kissed down her temple to her cheek and finally to her neck. She let a tiny moan escape her, and before she had time to moan a second time, she felt the supple lips of her father skim across her own. Avery seemed to have lost all train of thought. All she could think of was how good it felt to have her father's lips engulfing hers. His hand had found its place on the back of her neck, and he was massaging it just as his tongue began massaging hers.

She licked his bottom lip and heard him groan. He pressed his body up against hers and she felt her heart momentarily stop as he ran his

hands up and down her thighs as she felt her dress being lifted slightly. She felt his hard boner pressing up against her stomach as he continued caressing her. He slowly brought his hands to her waist, and hoisted her up in his arms. Naturally, Avery wrapped her smooth legs around her father's suit. As their tongues swarmed around each other, Avery felt her father bring her over to his desk and set her atop of it. She could feel the papers beneath her, sliding onto the floor, but neither seemed to care.

Harry slowly pulled his mouth away hers, and Avery felt him pushing her entire body onto the desk. She felt him crawl atop of her and watched as he bent his head low to kiss her chest, right where the black material began. His kissing moved onto her breast until she felt him nibble at her through her dress. The fabric was thin, and so Avery felt every inch of ecstasy of his mouth sucking tenderly on her now hard nipple. He brought his mouth back up to the top of the dress, took it in his teeth, and pulled it down to expose Avery's breasts.

He ran his fingers over them, making Avery arch her back. She grabbed the sides of the desk as he toyed with her tits, making her lick her lips frantically. Before she knew it, Harry had gotten off of her and was pulling her to the end of the desk, spilling more parchment onto the ground. She felt Harry gently slide off her dress, leaving her black heels on, exposing her naked body except for the black g-string she was wearing. Harry took a step back, and Avery watched as he licked his lips, completely in ecstasy watching her lay there innocently.

It took a moment before Harry finally began undressing himself. Avery watched as he took off his suit coat, and then undid his tie. He unbuttoned his shirt and cast it aside along with his pants and boxers, until he was standing fully naked in the candlelight. Avery felt her chest rising and falling rather hastily as she felt him approach her. She felt his hands come in contact with the bows at either side of her thong and felt him untie each of them, allowing for the thin black material to fall, exposing her glistening cave.

Avery's heart was throbbing as she felt Harry slide her to the edge of the desk. He pulled her legs around his waist and she suddenly felt his cock rubbing up and down her pussy, teasing her. Harry took Avery's face into his hands and kissed her. As his tongue crept into

her mouth, Avery felt Harry penetrate her. She tensed up, nearly unable to breathe at the ecstasy of her father cradling himself in her nest. Harry glided himself slowly in and out of her, and Avery moaned at every soft thrust. Harry slowly increased his pace, and as his rocking motion became more intense, Avery felt herself holding onto the desk, pushing herself farther onto her father's member. He continued thrashing about in her and Avery couldn't help but squeal.

"Oh god, oh god, oh fuuck daddy..."

"Oh damn, Avery...you like that?"

"Yes, I love it!"

Without hesitation or without asking, Harry pulled her off the desk, and Avery felt him bring her back over to the wall. He held her up and began thrusting into her as she slid up and down the stone. Avery lifted her hands above her head and her father took this as a notion to suck on her breasts again. Once Avery felt her father's moist mouth on her nipples, while he continued plummeting his cock into her, she felt her toes suddenly go numb and she was unable to emit the slightest sound. She felt her brain freeze and all she could think of was the pleasure. His cock had hit her G-spot, and she was in such an intense orgasm that she barely heard her father's words.

"Spilling all over me, baby girl..." She looked at her father's sexy green eyes and saw him smirking at her. She came again.

"Shag me, daddy," she moaned. "Shag me like there's no tomorrow." Harry slowly wrapped his arms around her and brought her back over to the desk and set her down so that she was standing on her own.

"Turn around," he commanded. Avery loved this new game. She did as she was told.

"Professor Potter," she said, playing along with him. "I've been a very naughty girl. I think I ought to be punished." She licked her lips and stole a quick glimpse over her shoulder at her father, who was looking at her in disbelief, but in total elation.

“Yes, you have been awfully disobedient. I’m sorry, but it looks like I’m going to have to make you scream.” He took a few seconds before he made his next command. “Bend over.”

Avery did as her father said, relishing the fantasy game, and suddenly felt her father thrust into her without hesitation. His drives were so forceful that Avery barely had time to recollect her thoughts. The new angle had targeted many new sensory areas and Avery felt herself come over and over again. The rush and tingle of her father boning her from this new position was extremely exhilarating.

“I want you to come inside me, Harry!” She pleaded, hanging onto the desk.

“Ohhh god!” Harry moaned. “I’m gonna come!” His moans filled Avery with bliss. “Oh FUUUUCK!” Harry groaned loudly as Avery felt her father splash up inside of her. As much as she wanted to feel him inside her, the desire to taste her father was much greater, so she pulled away from him, and turned around, switching places with him, pushing him to sit on the desk. She quickly kneeled down and began blowing him.

She felt Harry nearly collapse at the touch of her lips on his exploding cock. His juice was sweet and creamy and it covered her face. He shot up onto her cheek, and she engulfed his cock, trying to slide it down her throat. She squeezed her lips tightly around his cock and listened to him scream.

“YES BABY! OH GOD THAT FEELS GOOD!”

She looked up at him and smiled with him still in her mouth. She met his eyes, and he couldn’t help but explode again. The warm liquid filled her mouth and she swallowed. The semen ran down her throat like pudding. Harry looked cravingly at her, and pulled her up to meet his face.

“You are the sexiest woman in the world.”

As he leaned in to kiss her, Avery realized that she had fallen in love with her father, and she would never want anything more.

A/N: I hope that wasn't TOO sexually graphic for any of you. But of course it wasn't! You're all grown up and mature and probably just think it's brilliantly sexy...I know I do! Ok, if you are a faithful reviewer, write 'AGREE' or 'DISAGREE' at the bottom of your review if you think that Harry and Avery are seriously the hottest non-slash couple! AGREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!! Haha!

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR REVIEWING! My reviews make my life shine like the sun! So, thank you thank you thank you!

You are all so wonderful! Until chapter twelve...

Chapter Twelve: Heartache

The next morning, after Harry and Avery had made it home safely in the black limousine, was the day Avery had to depart back to Hogwarts. The holidays were over, and school would resume the following day.

Avery was sad that she had to go back to school. She wanted to stay at home with Harry; wake up to his beautiful face every morning and fall asleep in his big, sturdy arms. She sighed to herself as she packed. Hogwarts just wouldn't be the same anymore. She would miss home too much.

"You doing alright, kiddo?" Avery heard her father ask from behind her in the doorway. She turned to him and gave him half of a smile.

"I suppose," she shrugged. Harry gave her a look as though he knew exactly what she was feeling. He walked closer to her and wrapped his arms around her shoulders, squeezing lightly. Avery laid her head on his chest that smelt of Tommy cologne.

"You are such a great girl, Av," Harry began as he now rubbed her back. His hands felt so perfect on her. "Believe me, if you could stay I would definitely not object." He paused for a moment letting his words sink in. "But you have to go back to school and you know it." She pulled away from him and sighed while gazing up into his eyes of jade.

"I know, but it's just not going to be any fun. I'm going to want to come home all the time now," she groaned. "I'm going to miss you too much." As she said this, she felt her cheeks growing hot. She and her father knew that they both were crazy about each other, but had never really voiced it.

"Trust me, doll," Harry said, putting his hands up on her shoulders, "it's going to kill me not having you here."

They both stared at each other in the eyes, smiling and in love. Neither knew what to say, so they grasped each other again into a

hug. After they had let go, Avery finished packing and Harry had gone downstairs to start the car.

As Avery shut her trunk and locked it, she took a long peek around her room. She knew she would be coming back, but yet, she felt as though the walls were begging her to stay. She wished she could have, but knew that her father would never let her...despite the fact that he wanted her to stay as well. No. Harry wanted her to have a good education like he had received when he was her age, and she knew it. She wanted to become the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor one day and knew that she had to keep up with her studies if she were to achieve it. With one last exhale she headed out the door.

Harry was waiting for her by the door, ready with her coat in hand. She put her arms through the sleeves and buttoned it up. Harry put the scarf around her shoulders as she put on her mittens and hat. She turned to look at Harry who was now holding her trunk, smiled warmly at him, and then walked outside and down the pathway to the car.

They talked about how great the past week had been as they drove and laughed in harmony. They confessed how pleasant the other was in bed, despite the semi-awkwardness, but then laughed about how shy they both had been. It was an entertaining drive to King's Cross; both getting lost in the moment as though they were in a hurricane of bliss, but then the moment ceased as soon as they saw the station. Reality crashed both of their hearts and souls like waves upon the sharp-edged rocks on a salty shore, and they realized that they wouldn't be seeing each other until June.

As Avery sat staring at the entrance to King's Cross she felt herself feeling sick. She didn't want to get out of the car, but when Harry had opened her door and offered her his hand, she took it. As she got out, she looked up at Harry to see him smiling at her.

"It's going to be alright, Avery, I promise. You know I'm only an owl away." She felt his hand stroke her cheek briefly before he got her trunk and started for the doors to the station. Avery followed behind him still feeling queasy.

When they entered the commotional area, Harry grabbed Avery's hand so they wouldn't get separated by the mass of people and she felt herself being led through the crowd towards platform nine and three quarters. As soon as they had reached the barrier, Avery looked at her father and they both nodded. They walked quickly into the brick wall that transformed into the Hogwarts's platform. The Hogwarts Express was steaming and waiting patiently for its passengers to board. There weren't nearly as many witches and wizards as there normally was since it was only the students who had been on holiday.

"Hey you two," Avery heard a voice from behind them. It was Ron, and trailing behind him was Maria, Jordan and Hermione.

"Hi," Harry said turning around. "Excited to go back?" Harry asked Maria and Jordan who looked about as pleased about going back as Avery did.

"I suppose," Maria answered for her and her brother. "C'mon, Av...let's go find a seat. Bye dad, bye mum!" Maria said kissing each of her parents as Jordan simply hugged them while Hermione flooded him with kisses. Avery turned to her own father.

"Well, I guess this is it," she said as though she were never going to see Harry again.

"It won't be that bad," Harry replied. Avery shrugged and smiled while shaking her head.

"If you say so. Well, I'll write to you when I can."

"Sounds fair," Harry said.

"Alright, I love you," Avery said leaning up to place a quick peck on her father's lips. She wished she could've lingered her lips on his.

"I love you, Avery," Harry whispered, kissing her ear and wrapping her in a enormous hug. "You're wonderful." She looked up at him and smiled, noticing that his eyes were a bit moist, as were hers. She

forced the tears not to come and grabbed her trunk and walked to the steps of the Express with Maria, handing her trunk to the man on board.

She allowed Maria to get in first and then took one long look at Harry and flashed him the happiest smile she could manage as she waved her hand, and then disappeared onto the train.

The girls seated themselves in an empty compartment, while Jordan ventured off to one where there were at least a few blokes he could converse with.

"I thought the holidays were amazing this year, didn't you?" Maria began folding her arms behind her head as she laid herself across the seat.

"Well, it definitely wasn't the usual," Avery replied thinking to herself that she was most likely the only girl to have slept with her father on Christmas Eve.

"I mean mum and dad got me the new broom I've been wanting and I got invited to Jack Finnigan's for a party! It just really was swell!" Maria exclaimed. Avery paused.

"Wait, Jack Finnigan invited you to a party? That Slytherin boy you used to like? When was this?! You never told me!" Avery whined. Maria laughed to herself.

"Oh, it was nothing. He just invited me on Christmas Eve to come to a party he was having with a few friends of his, but I told him I had other plans. I mean, I had to lie to him because you know how my mum and dad are about hanging around with Slytherins. They would've killed me!" Maria sighed happily.

"So...I take it you still have a thing for him then?" Avery asked folding her arms as though she was a know-it-all.

"Well..." Maria trailed off.

“Oh come off it, Maria! It’s so noticeable! You’re practically squealing just talking about him!” Maria gave Avery a look, but both of them began laughing as girls do.

“I suppose I wouldn’t turn him down if he asked me to go with him, you know? Mum and dad would hate me but it’s not like you can help who you fall for, right?”

Avery felt her stomach clench. Harry. She couldn’t help that she had fallen for her own father. That’s exactly what Maria had just said. ‘It’s not like you can help who you fall for.’ Maria was still giggling to herself when Avery cleared her throat, evidently getting Maria’s attention.

“Maria, I—I have to tell you something.”

Maria sat up. “It sounds important, what is it, Av?”

Avery didn’t know where to begin. What if Maria wouldn’t want to be her friend anymore? What if she told people about her and Harry?

“You swear you won’t say a word to anyone?!” Avery emphasized the word, ‘anyone’ to get her point across.

“My lips are sealed. Mum’s the word,” Maria said motioning with her fingers that she had just buttoned up her lips.

“Now, before I tell you anything, you have to promise not to be mad or well...freak out at me,” Avery stammered.

“Av, what is this? Just let it out!”

Avery heaved the biggest sigh of the day and spoke just above a whisper.

“I slept with my dad.”

There was a brief pause before Maria screamed out.

“YOU DID WHAT?!!!”

“Shh!” Avery whispered.

“Oh...right...sorry,” Maria whispered back. “Avery, I don’t think I heard you right,” Maria began but Avery cut in.

“Yes, Maria, you heard me correctly. I slept with my dad...with Harry.”

Maria’s face did not change. She simply stared at Avery, and Avery was unsure to do with herself, so she fiddled with the hem of her sweater.

“Avery, you can’t be serious?”

“I am serious. I just...I couldn’t keep it from you.”

Maria shook her head. “Av, this is bad!” Avery nodded frantically.

“I know! I know! But, what am I going to do about it? I mean, we did it twice!”

“TWICE?!” Maria shrieked. “Merlin’s Beard, Av!” Maria buried her face in her hands. No one spoke for a few moments.

“Look, I know it’s absolutely and ridiculously outrageous, but see...I couldn’t help it.” There was a pause. “I’m in love with him.” Maria gasped aloud.

“In LOVE?! Avery, you’re mental! You’re only sixteen, how can you know anything about love? You’ve only dated one bloke in your entire life!” Avery felt as though Maria had pierced her.

“And you’ve never dated at all.” Avery’s tone was short. Maria looked into her eyes.

“Look, I’m not trying to insult you, Av, but he’s your father for Merlin’s sake so how do you expect me to react?”

“I don’t know!” Avery exploded. She sighed and then continued in a less harsh tone. “Look, I just...I’m overly attracted to him, and there’s

this feeling I can't explain when he touches me or holds me or kisses me. It's like I can fly, but it's like a thousand times better! I can't explain it...not even to myself." Avery bowed her head to look at her feet. "It's so complex, Maria. Even I don't understand it sometimes."

Avery looked up to see Maria looking at her unsure of what to say. Avery didn't know what else to say either, and so turned her gaze outside at the white wonderland of snowy hills and iced-over waters they were passing as the train continued rolling down the tracks. The world outside of the compartment seemed innocent and true to Avery, but inside, she felt like wherever she went, she left a tainted mark on the purity of the world behind her.

A/N: I thought this chapter was silly and cute. Maybe it's just me, but the next one will have everyone with their eyes wide and tongues hanging out probably begging for chapter 14...(just wanted to mention that so I get more reviews so that I can post 13 hehe) THANK YOU TO ALL WHO REVIEWED! You'll never know just how much they make me and my fiance's day!

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!

DON'T FORGET TO REVIEW!!!!

Chapter Thirteen: Inconvenient Reality

A little over a month had passed since Avery had come back to Hogwarts. It hadn't been as bad as she expected. She missed Harry thoroughly, but she still managed to be content with the pleasures that came along with learning and Quidditch.

Notices had been placed up all over the school about the Valentine's Day dance that would be held in three day's time on the evening of February the 14th at 7pm in the Great Hall. The dance was for fifth, six, and seventh years only, so fortunately, Avery was able to go. She was walking down a corridor with Maria talking about their potions final coming up when Riley came trotting up behind them.

"And what are you two birds up to?" He asked as he ran around to face them and then began to walk backwards.

"Just talking about potions, why?" Avery asked.

"Well, I know the dance is in three days, and I'm sure you already have a date, but if you don't, I was just wondering if you'd like to go with me..." Avery stopped walking and Maria copied her.

"That sounds fine," Avery replied, smiling. She watched as Riley's face lit up.

"Great! Alright, well, I'll see you then." He turned and began running down the corridor.

"I swear he's in love with you," Maria said watching the figure turn the corner about twenty yards away. Avery rolled her eyes.

"He likes me, I'll give you that," Avery said as the two started to walk again.

"I wish Jack would ask me," Maria sighed.

"Why don't you ask him to go with you?" Avery suggested. Maria stopped dead in her tracks and turned to face Avery.

“Are you mad?! I don’t want the man to think I’m desperate!”

“Well, you are aren’t you?” Avery joked. Maria snapped her tongue before she opened her mouth in a big ‘O.’

“You really are rude,” she retorted playfully. Avery giggled to herself and continued walking, unable to stop her mind from wishing that Riley would be Harry the night of the dance.

Sooner than not, the night of the dance arrived. Avery had encouraged Maria to ask Jack to the dance after all and he had said yes. Both girls were excited and were up in their dorms along with the other girls getting ready. Avery had curled her ebony hair and allowed it to fall onto her pearly white shoulders. Her dress was a deep maroon that sparkled like the snow on Christmas Eve night. It was a halter, entirely closed in the back, but the front had a diamond shape cut out on her chest, exposing some cleavage. It was a beautiful gown, but Maria was having trouble getting the zipper up.

“It’s not zipping up, Av!” Maria grunted from behind her as Avery felt her dressed being tugged and pulled on.

“What do you mean it’s not zipping up? I tried the dress on right before I left for the holidays and it fit perfectly!”

“Well, all that Christmas and New Year’s food must have went right to your gut, because it’s not closing!” Maria said struggling to get it to zip.

“Well try ‘Engorgio’ or something,” Avery said sounding desperate.

“Alright.” Avery watched over her shoulder as Maria pointed her wand at the maroon material. “Engorgio,” Maria muttered and Avery felt the material expand. Avery felt as Maria began to fondle the zipper again and felt it close all the way up her back.

“There!” Maria said satisfactorily. “It’s closed.”

“Whew! I thought for a second that I might have to go to the dance wearing normal robes or something,” Avery laughed.

“Yeah, well, good thing we’re not muggles because you would’ve been what they call S.O.L.” Avery gave Maria a puzzled look.

“It means ‘shit out of luck’,” Maria giggled. “Mum taught me that one.” Both girls laughed as they continued dressing.

When they were both finished, they headed out down into the common room. Avery saw Riley standing in a corner talking to another wizard. As she reached one of the lower bottom steps, he had turned his focus on her and Avery watched as he scanned her entire body. He walked over to her, eyes wide with admiration.

“You look...absolutely stunning.” He could barely speak.

“Thank you, you look wonderful as well.” She allowed him to take her hand that had a long black glove covering it and he escorted her out of the portrait and down the steps to the Great Hall. Maria followed behind them, but all Avery could think of was the night of New Year’s Eve when Harry had escorted her through the Ministry of Magic.

The Great Hall had been assembled to look like a giant heart. There were red, white, and pink streamers and balloons everywhere. There was confetti on the tables and the juices that were being served were also red. The tables were shaped into hearts and they were covered with pink tablecloths.

“Shall we sit down?” Riley asked trying to sound grown up and formal. Avery suppressed a laugh.

“That sounds great. But, Maria, don’t you have to find Jack?”

“Oh, he said he’d meet me by the door, so I’ll go wait. You two find a seat, I’ll catch up later.”

“Alright,” Avery said, not wanting to be left alone with Riley. They made their way to the table and he pulled out the chair so that Avery could sit. She sat down and smiled.

“Thank you, Riley.”

“No problem, would you care for a refreshment?”

“I’d love one, thanks.”

Avery didn’t want to be around him all night, but knew that at the moment she had accepted his offer to be his date that evening, it would be hard to get a moment alone. She wished Harry were there, sitting next to her. She wanted to feel his leg brush up against hers and smile at each other slyly, knowingly, and cravingly.

She looked around and saw Jack and Maria making their way over to them. Maria’s bright green dress stood out against the sea of red.

“Hey you,” Maria said, pulling Jack forward. He was wearing a tux with a green tie and had his hair pulled back into a ponytail. “Avery, I would like you to meet Jack, my date. He’s a seventh year,” Maria said beaming and blushing all at once.

“It’s a pleasure,” Avery said holding out her hand. He took it and kissed it as a gentleman would.

“No, the pleasure is entirely mine,” he said. His voice was deep and hoarse. To Avery, he sounded as though he were in his late twenties. She could see why Maria liked him, but he was no match for Harry. Not even close.

“Well have a seat, Riley’s just gone to get some drinks,” Avery said motioning for the other two to sit down next to her. They took their seats and momentarily, Riley had returned.

“Here you are, my love,” he said handing Avery a glass of sparkling red juice. He had just noticed the company. “Oh! Hi, would any of you care for a glass?”

“I think I can summon some over here, but thank you,” Jack spoke up. He took his wand out of his suit coat and waved it into the air. Shortly,

two glasses landed right in front of him and Maria. Avery watched as Maria became flustered.

“Oh my! You do wonderful magic!” She smiled broadly at her date, and Avery covered her mouth to giggle.

The music had just begun and Jack had asked Maria to dance, leaving Avery and Riley alone at the table.

“Do you want to dance?” Riley asked, taking a sip of his drink.

“I do,” Avery said not making a move to get out of her seat.

“Well, are you going to go out there or what?”

“Are you asking me to dance with you or do you want me to go out there and dance by myself?” Avery smiled and watched as Riley chortled slightly.

“Well, will you dance with me, then?”

“Sure,” Avery said allowing him to lead her to the dance floor. As they began to dance, Avery noticed how insecure she felt in his feeble arms. They weren’t nearly as strong and protective as Harry’s were. She felt as though she were a baby being carried by her two-year-old brother: wobbly and uncontrolled. They danced a few songs, and then Avery grew tired.

They went to go rest at the table and Riley went to get more drinks. As she sat there rubbing her feet, Maria and Jack came back to join her at the table.

“This is just a blast, isn’t it?!” Maria squealed with enthusiasm. Avery smiled slightly, feeling a bit light-headed.

“It’s pretty fun, I suppose,” Avery said acknowledging Maria’s comment. She smiled at Jack who suddenly leaned in towards Maria. He muttered something and Avery saw Maria nodding fervently. Jack stood up and then walked around the table and held out his hand to Avery.

“Would you care to dance with me?” Avery was pleased that she wouldn’t have to dance another dance with such a frail boy like Riley, and took his hand gratefully. He led her out onto the dance floor and it was a slow song, so he placed his left hand on her waist, securing her, and took the other hand in hers. At least Maria’s date had form. He began to shift his feet slowly on the ground leading her and holding her back, supporting her. He was a good dancer; that was for sure.

“Maria tells me that you’re not very fond of your date,” he said beginning the conversation. Avery nodded.

“Well, I used to be his girlfriend, but things just weren’t working out, so I broke it off. He’s still crazy about me, though,” Avery admitted following his dance steps.

“I can see why he’d still be crazy about you. You’re very lovely.” Avery couldn’t help but blush.

“Thank you.” The music continued to play and Avery glanced at the table to see Maria sitting with Riley. His face was contorted into a bit of a grimace. Avery just rolled her eyes.

“What is it?” Jack asked.

“Riley. He’s staring at us. I think he’s jealous that I’m dancing with you.”

“Either that or he’s just jealous that I can dance better than he can. The bloke has no posture at all, sorry to say,” Jack said shrugging as he continued to turn Avery around. Avery giggled.

“I think we’re both probably right,” she replied. “He’s not a good dancer, at all.” Both of them laughed and suddenly Avery felt extremely flighty. It must have been from all the twirling. Jack must have noticed because he suddenly stopped and looked into her eyes.

“Are you alright?” It took Avery a second to answer.

“Mm hmm, fine.”

“You don’t look fine, here...let’s go sit back down,” he said leading her off the dance floor. She allowed him to take her, but the more she walked the dizzier she felt. As soon as she got to the table, Riley and Maria stood up with concern on both of their faces.

“What’s the matter with her?” Riley asked.

“She looks sick,” Maria said.

Avery’s vision was becoming blurry.

“We should take her to the hospital wing,” Maria said, helping Jack sit her down in the chair. “Avery, darling, are you alright?” Maria asked quietly, looking into Avery’s face. Avery could make out a figure in front of her, but suddenly felt sick to her stomach. “Avery?” Maria asked, but before Avery could think or answer, she turned to the side and heaved close to Riley’s feet.

“Oh Av!” Riley yelped, backing away from the liquid coming out of Avery’s mouth.

“We have to get her to the hospital wing!” Maria cried. “Jack! Help me!”

“We have to get her a bucket or something first,” Jack said scanning around the room, “otherwise she’ll make a mess all over the place.” He summoned the wastebasket, and put it in front of Avery as she continued retching.

“Oh, poor girl. It’s ok, Av, I’m right here,” Maria said, rubbing Avery’s back. Avery couldn’t remember the last time she had felt so ill. She sat up after she was done and wiped her mouth on a napkin.

“Are you alright?” Maria said as she sat up, still looking faint. Her face was drained of most of its color. Avery was about to speak when suddenly, her head lolled to the side and her eyes closed as she fainted, sliding down the chair a bit.

“She’s fainted! She’s fainted!” Riley screamed. “Quick! Bring her to Madam Pomfrey!”

Maria, Riley, and Jack all helped carry her up to the hospital wing, and once they reached it, they burst through the door to find Madam Pomfrey taking care of another student.

“Madam Pomfrey!” Maria cried, “It’s Avery! She’s fainted!”

The school nurse scuttled over to where the three were holding Avery’s limp body.

“Oh gracious! Lay her down here,” she said motioning towards a bed. All three of them laid her down and stood there watching to see if she’d stir. Madam Pomfrey all gave them looks.

“Well you can’t expect me to examine her with all you three hawks around, do you?” All of them, but Maria, made for the door.

“I’m going to wait in the chair over there. I want to make sure she’s alright,” Maria said. The little nurse nodded and began to check on Avery.

After a good half hour, Avery opened her eyes. She looked around the room and couldn’t figure out where she was. She noticed Maria sitting next to her and sat up.

“Where am I?” She asked groggily, rubbing her eyes.

“We’re in the hospital wing, Av. You fainted, remember?” The last thing Avery remembered was throwing up and getting a really agonizing headache.

“I fainted?” Avery asked. Maria nodded.

“Riley, Jack, and I brought you up here and Poppy made sure you were ok, then gave you some sort of tonic. Are you feeling at all better?”

“Yeah, a little,” Avery said taking deep breath.

"She wanted me to make sure that you drank this when you woke up," Maria said handing Avery the glass that was sitting on the side table.

Avery took it and gulped it down. It was sweet and it warmed her throat. It tasted like a mixture of butterscotch and caramel.

"Did she say what was the matter with me?" Avery asked. Maria shook her head and frowned.

"Why do you look so upset?" Avery asked.

"I'm worried, Av. She said that she wanted to tell you herself. It didn't sound good." Avery thought a moment, then suddenly had a terrorizing thought, but as soon as the thought came to mind, Madam Pomfrey had come back to check on her.

"How are you feeling, dear?" She asked smiling kindly, straightening Avery's pillows behind her back.

"Fine. Uh...Poppy? Do you mind telling us what's the matter with me?" Avery asked dreading the answer. The little nurse's smile faded. She took Avery's hands in her own and looked down at her like a grandmother would. Avery's heart was pounding.

"My dear...it looks as though you are going to have a baby."

A/N: I know, I know! CLIFFHANGER! But don't worry, I will post chapter 14 as soon as I get a chance to write it! I don't like to rush into things because my quality is far more important to me than my quantity or how fast I post...so, please be patient. And, as I said before, I'm sorry if the twist didn't exactly float your boat, but I have the whole storyline thought out and it's necessary this way.

But THANK YOU again to all my fantastic and most wonderful reviewers! Thank you for making my story a success! You are all very much appreciated! THANKS AGAIN!!!

Until next chapter...

Chapter Fourteen: The Owlry

"I'M WHAT?!!" Avery screeched, sitting up as straight as she could be, while Maria lost all color in her face and gaped. Madam Pomfrey nearly jumped at the sudden ruckus.

"You mean to tell me that I have a tiny little person growing inside me at this very moment?" Avery asked, still perturbed by the news.

"I believe so, dear," Poppy said frowning. "Now, I know this is awkward and embarrassing for you as much as it is scary, but just know that this is highly confidential and I will not be repeating this news to anyone, unless I have your permission."

Avery slouched, fazing out, hardly hearing what the nurse was muttering. All she could think about was how in trouble Harry would be if anyone found out. Her father had gotten her pregnant. What could be worse? Maria brought her back to her senses.

"Av!"

"Hmm?"

"Listen, will you?!"

"Right, sorry. I'm just...downright shocked."

"Well, dear, as difficult as it is to accept it, you have gotten yourself into this mess. Now, I will do everything I can to keep you and the child healthy, but I'm afraid I cannot stop the rumors."

"Rumors? You think all this will do is cause rumors?!" Maria gasped. "The whole school will know by the end of next month and it'll be non-stop gossip until summer! She has to be taken out of school!"

Avery turned her attention towards her friend and gave her a bewildering expression.

"Oh, Merlin's beard, Maria! Come off it! You're just talking ruddy nonsense now."

“Oh, am I?” Her tone was defiant. “Poppy, could you give us a moment, please?” The little nurse nodded and scurried over to the next bed.

“Well, what do you expect me to say?!” Maria asked flabbergasted, dropping her voice so only the other girl could hear her. “You’re my best friend, Avery. I’d hate to hear what people are going to start saying about you. You know what would happen to your father if they knew it was him that’s knocked you up!”

“Shh! For heaven’s sake, Maria!” Avery whispered, giving her friend a threatening look. “Look, no one will know the truth. They can’t.”

“It sounds that easy, Av, but the truth can’t stay hidden forever. It just can’t.”

Avery sat calmly although everything on the inside was raging.

“I need to talk to my dad,” Avery finally said after what seemed to be a long moment’s pause.

After Avery had left the hospital wing, hours after Maria had left her, the fact that she was bearing a child was finally sinking in. When she had first been told the bit of news, it was as though she were in a dream. Now, the reality of it all was slowly creeping into her system; it was crawling under her skin, making her shiver. She was way too young to be a mother and Harry was too old to be having another child. The technicality of it sounded absolutely disgusting: it would be his child as well as his grandchild. Avery shook the thought immediately from her head, and couldn’t help but vomit again.

When she had reached her dormitory, the girls that were playing wizard’s chess a few beds away had smiled and greeted Avery. They had never said ‘hello’ to her in that sort of fashion: in unison and high-pitched. Avery somehow felt like they had rehearsed it. She couldn’t help but feel like everyone could sense the grotesqueness that she

felt engulfing her entire body like a disease, plastering its sickly boils on her skin, making her an outcast.

As she went to her drawer and pulled out some parchment and some quills, she felt like a dark shadow was pressing down upon her now tainted soul. She was an exile...she didn't belong at Hogwarts anymore, and she would tell Harry exactly how she felt. She dipped her quill in some ink and started to write.

Dad-

Hey, it's me, Avery. I have to talk to you as soon as possible. If you could come down to Hogwarts during a Hogsmeade weekend or something, that'd be wonderful. It's urgent, so the sooner, the better. I'm very confused and angry. I really need to talk to you. I love you.

-Avery-

There. Simple, yet got her message through. She rolled the parchment and tied it with some ribbon, then headed out of the dorm to make her way towards the owlry.

As she made her way to the tower where all the school owls were stationed, she ran into Riley.

"Avery! Wait up!" She heard a shout from behind her. She did not feel like answering any questions, especially from him.

"What is it, Riley?" Avery asked annoyingly, not stopping to look at him.

"I was just wondering how you're feel—"

"I feel fine," Avery replied quickly and in a monotone. "Look, Riley, I have things to take care of, I really don't have time to—"

"Well, fine! I didn't know that caring about you would make you so upset," Riley snapped. "I'm sorry I took so much time out of your busy sched—"

“Shut up, Riley! You have no idea what I’ve been through, okay? So stop trying to pretend like you know me because you don’t...and you never will!” Avery said storming off in the direction of the owlry.

“You’re just afraid!” She heard him yell. “You’re afraid of commitment and intimacy because you’re afraid you’re going to lose the person you love the most just like your father did!”

Avery didn’t think twice before turning on her heel and dashing toward Riley with her wand drawn and pointing at him. He didn’t have enough time to pull out his own wand, and soon, she was panting and looking at him up in the face with tears and sweat streaming down her face.

“If you ever dare speak about my family with that tone of disrespect, I’ll hex your arse into next year,” Avery hissed with her wand pointing at his throat. “And no, I’m not afraid of intimacy, you ruddy bastard...besides, you would know nothing about intimacy would you? You’ve never had it.” She dug her wand deeper into his throat, and then released it. “Leave me alone, Riley...I mean it.” She made a final turn to walk towards the stairs that led to the owlry, wanting nothing more than to feel Harry’s arms around her, and when she looked back, Riley had disappeared from the corridor.

When she got to the owlry, Jordan was there. And so was a naked witch on top of him.

“Oh, god, Jordan, yes!” The witch moaned. Avery gasped at the scene, covered her mouth, then shut her eyes and slammed the door shut. She stood outside the owlry for less than a minute before the door opened again. The blonde witch smirked at Avery and Avery, being unsure of what to do, gave a half smile. When the witch was finally out of earshot, Avery turned to Jordan. But before she could summon a word from her mouth, he was speaking holding his hands up.

“I know what you’re thinking,” he began steadily.

“No, you definitely don’t know what I’m thinking because even I don’t know what to think about that,” Avery said managing a bit of an embarrassed smile. Jordan smiled awkwardly.

“Well, I’d rather it be you walking in on me than my sister, I suppose.”

“Jordan, I’m practically your sister, anyway,” Avery giggled slightly.

“Yeah, but she would flip out and go run off and tell mum and dad...so there’s a difference between you two.” Avery nodded.

“Well, who is she anyway?”

“A Slytherin...Damien’s sister...at least that’s what she claims.”

“And I take it you don’t care whether it’s true or not seeing as to you’ve already become quite acquainted,” Avery replied biting her lip to keep herself from breaking into a giggle fit.

“Er—” Jordan blushed. “Yeah, we’ve been doing it since before Halloween.”

“Before Halloween?!” Avery asked in shock. “Well, are you dating then?”

“Yeah, but we’re trying to keep it hushed up because if either of our families found out, we’d both be done for.”

“I see,” Avery said nodding, “well, I’m sorry I, er—intervened. I’m just going to send an owl to my dad so don’t mind me,” Avery said stepping in the straw to get to one of the dark brown owls. She put the parchment in the bird’s beak and it flew away out the window.

“What are you writing your dad about?” Jordan asked, scratching the back of his neck.

“I just have to talk to him in person about something,” Avery replied casually staring out the window at the black dot flying away in the sky.

"Oh," Jordan said slightly uninterested. "Well, I'm going to go find Kitty."

"Kitty?" Avery asked cocking her brow.

"That's her name...my girlfriend."

"Merlin's beard..." Avery muttered giggling to herself. "Well, I can see that going over well...Mrs. Kitty Weasley," Avery laughed.

"Oh, stuff it," Jordan mumbled. "I never said I would marry the bird."

Avery laughed. "Well, if you do, I wish you the best of luck."

"Thanks, Av," Jordan said. "I'll see you around."

"Okay, see you then," she said as Jordan shut the door. The day was warm and bright, but all Avery could do was count down the seconds to seeing her father and spilling the news.

A/N: Riley is soo annoying, I dunno who all agrees with me. haha. But I suppose he is a necessary part to the story! I hope you enjoyed this chapter and please review! We always appreciate them!! Next chapter will have Harry's reaction :O Bet you're all curious about that one...

Thanks again to everyone who reviewed! Make my day and click that little button below and review again :) 'Till next chapter then...

Chapter Fifteen: Tears of Truth

Harry had received the owl from his daughter while he was busily working at the Ministry and had written her back saying that he would come see her that coming weekend. It would be a Hogsmeade weekend, and he had planned to meet with her in the Shrieking Shack, where not many people would be.

The weekend had rolled around sooner than expected, and Harry had apparated to the Shrieking Shack a few minutes early. He was pacing up and down anxiously waiting to hear the news his daughter would deliver. In her letter, she had confessed of feeling 'angry and confused' and Harry was hoping beyond hope that it wasn't about their relationship. He didn't want to lose his daughter. He had lost Ginny years ago, and having Avery admit to him that she didn't want to continue their way of living would be just as heart-breaking. In the midst of his thought, Harry heard the door to the Shrieking Shack creak open.

"Hi daddy!" Avery grinned, jogging up to her father, and wrapping her arms tightly around his waist. Harry could feel that she wasn't upset with him just by the greeting and was greatly relieved. He grasped her in return, and then released her to look at her dazzling face.

"How are you, beautiful?" Harry asked, taking off her coat for her and draping it over a nearby chair.

"Well, I'm not sure," Avery replied taking off her hat and mittens and placing them in her coat sleeve.

"Let's go upstairs to talk where we can sit down more comfortably," Harry said, motioning to the stairs.

The steps creaked as Harry made his way up the wooden stairway and heard his daughter's light footsteps behind him. They entered the room where Harry had first encountered his godfather, Sirius, and he shut the door after Avery had entered the room behind him.

"I think you should sit," Avery spoke up, rubbing her hands together. Harry gave her a quizzical gaze.

"Is it that bad?" Harry inquired taking a seat on the bed that was full of dust-mites.

He watched his daughter stand in the middle of the room, staring at the floor. She ran both of her hands through her black locks before meeting his eyes.

"I—I just don't even know where to begin," she sighed. Harry gave her an encouraging smile.

"Baby—" Harry began but stopped talking as he watched his daughter's face cringe. "What is it?" He asked, leaning forward slightly on his elbows. "You brought me down here, so you have to tell me what's going on."

Avery licked her lips quickly.

"It's just...it's really hard to say," Avery said. Harry watched as her eyes became glossy.

"Av, I'm here, everything's alright," Harry reassured her in a gentle voice.

"No, everything's not alright!" she said, the bitterness coming out in her tone.

"Well, why don't you enlighten me then about what's the matter with you?"

"Everything's the matter, dad! You just have no idea!" She cried, shaking her head and looking up at the ceiling, tears now streaming down the side of her cheeks.

"Well, I'd have an idea if you would just tell me!" Harry exclaimed. Avery brought her focus back to Harry and she took a deep breath before speaking.

“Daddy, I’m pregnant.”

The words came slowly, like in a dream, but they crashed into Harry’s chest like a wave, uncontrolled and unforgiving. He felt as though his stomach were being clenched to fit the size of a walnut. His head was spinning like a merry-go-round, making him feel sick and unsteady. He swayed on the spot, listening to the echoing of a cursed melody in his ears. His breath was hoarse when he spoke.

“You can’t be.”

Avery shrugged slightly.

“How did you find out?” Harry asked, hardly able to breathe.

“Well, I fainted at the Valentine’s Day Dance and was rushed to the hospital wing. I woke up after a few hours and Poppy told me.”

Harry sat rigid on the bed. His mind seemed unfocused.

“Are you absolutely sure, Avery, because this is...it just can’t be true.”

“Well, it’s true, I mean...Madam Pomfrey examined me, so it must be true. Plus, I have all the symptoms. I’ve gained weight and I’ve been having morning sickness the last few days.”

Harry heaved a heavy sigh and ran his hand through his jet-black hair. He stood up and began pacing.

“I don’t even know...I have no idea what to think or say,” Harry said, the floors creaking beneath him.

“Well, it’s not your fault, I mean, we both had a part in it,” Avery said. Harry stopped pacing and looked at her.

“Not my fault?! Avery, have you completely lost it?! It’s all my fault! If it weren’t for me, this never would have happened!” Harry said, growing infuriated with himself.

“Well, it’s not like you did it on purpose,” Avery said trying to defend the situation, making it seem like an innocent mistake.

“Well, of course I didn’t do it on purpose, but don’t you get it?!” Harry asked, his voice growing louder. “I could go to Azkaban for life for committing such a crime!”

“It’s not a crime!” Avery retorted throwing her arms by her side. “It was a mistake!”

“Yeah, well, a pretty damn big mistake if you ask me! There are a thousand different spells I could’ve used to protect you from getting pregnant, but I was too fucking carried away to even think twice about it. GOD DAMMIT!” Harry yelled, kicking a nearside table.

“Calm down!” Avery exclaimed.

“No, Avery...don’t tell me to calm down because I just got my own fucking daughter pregnant! How SICK!”

“Oh, so now you think I’m disgusting?” Avery sneered, bitterly folding her arms across her chest.

“No, Avery. I’m the one that’s disgusting! I’ve fallen for my own daughter, and I’ve gotten her pregnant!”

“Wow, and I didn’t know this already,” Avery said angrily.

“Don’t get sarcastic with me now, girl. Think about this...I’m going to be that baby’s father AND grandfather. Is that sick and twisted enough for you?!” Harry growled.

“Well, you obviously didn’t think it was gross when you shagged me!” Avery exclaimed in a contemptuous voice.

Harry felt his face turn hot as he scowled at his daughter. “Don’t you ever speak to me with that sort of disrespect again, Avery Lillian. I still am your father and you will respect me.”

Avery didn’t speak and instead of sitting in silence, Harry spoke.

“What are you going to do, Avery?” Harry asked, his face softening. He watched as his daughter looked at him in the face, like a courageous warrior.

“I’m going to keep it if that’s what you mean,” she replied putting a hand on her stomach.

“Well, I wouldn’t have wanted you to do otherwise,” Harry said, feeling badly that he had yelled at his daughter.

“What am I going to tell people?” Avery asked. Harry thought for a moment, and then turned to her with a slight frown on his face.

“There’s only one thing you can do,” he said, feeling his heart sinking.

“What’s that?”

“You’ll have to sleep with someone else.”

“WHAT?!” She squealed. “NO! No, absolutely not. I will not betray you!” She exclaimed.

“Avery, what other choice do you have?” Harry asked sternly. “If anyone found out whose baby it really was, I would go to Azkaban for life and I would die there. Is that what you want? To never see me again and have me rot in that horrid place?”

He watched as fresh tears began spilling down his daughter’s face.

“No,” she whimpered. “But I just...how can I sleep with someone else? I can’t do it.”

“Av, it’s either that or me rotting away. You have no choice. We can’t be together. It’s impossible.”

Harry felt his own eyes become sodden as he watched his daughter weep. He walked over to her and wrapped his arms around her.

"I don't love anyone like I love you," Avery blubbered, looking up into Harry's eyes. She was so beautiful when she cried. He looked down on her as the tears rolled down his own cheeks.

"And nor do I," Harry whispered, kissing her forehead. "But this is the way it has to be."

Both stood holding the other tightly, wanting never to let go, and then Avery spoke.

"Who will I sleep with?" Avery asked looking up at Harry.

"Well, Riley's extremely fond of you, isn't he?" Harry asked, feeling the fury and jealousy rise within him.

"Oh, god...not him, daddy I can't...not with him."

"Well, are you just going to get with someone new then? Then the rumors will be that you're a slut, and you don't want to have a bad name. At least you dated Longbottom for a time. It wouldn't be so awkward then."

"Yeah, easy for you to say. But I absolutely can't stand him! And it doesn't help that we just got in a fight."

"A fight? About what?"

"He was acting like a pompous bastard, thinking he knows me, and tried to tell me that I'm afraid of intimacy because I'm afraid I'm going to lose the love of my life, just like you lost mum," Avery replied. "I was so angry when he said it, I almost cursed him. And I told him if he ever said something like that again, that I would curse his arse into next year."

"Well, I'm sure he'll forgive you. He likes you way too much," Harry said still feeling extremely irate and envious.

"Dad, I can't do it, I just can't."

"Well, you have to, darling. It's the only way."

"Why can't we just run away somewhere and be together?" Avery asked with pleading eyes.

"Because we don't live in a fantasy world, Avery. You know that."

Harry watched as his daughter's shoulders slumped in defeat.

"Fine. But just know...I'm doing it for you. And don't ever forget how much I love you, and only you," Avery whispered as the tears began again.

"I know," Harry said in a husky voice. "And you know I love you more than the world and everything in it." He tried to force a smile but then sighed.

"What's the matter?" Avery asked.

"I'm just...extremely jealous."

"You're the one who told me I had to do it!"

"I know, I know...but...just the thought of someone else making love to you is just—"

"It won't be making love, dad...it'll just be sex. That's all. It won't mean anything to me. I'm doing it just so you won't go to Azkaban. The only person I could ever make love to is you."

Harry couldn't help but smile at this.

"That goes for me, too."

They both looked at each other and smiled.

"Well, I have to go then," Avery said. "I guess I'm going to go find Riley and see what I can do to patch things up between us."

"You'll have to sleep with him quickly, otherwise you'll already start showing," Harry advised.

"I know," Avery replied. "Well, I'll write to you as soon as I can. You know I have N.E.W.T exams coming up, so I'm going to be busy, but I'll write to you every chance I get."

"Don't worry about it; your studying is most important."

Harry looked down into his daughter's bright emerald eyes.

"I love you, Avery."

"And I love you, dad."

Harry leaned down and placed his lips on his daughter's. The kiss held passion, grace, understanding, love, and acceptance. He knew his relationship with his daughter would have to come to a close and that the pregnancy would result in Avery moving on to newer and better things, but there was nothing and no one in the world that would keep Harry from loving her.

A/N: Aww...Harry is effing cute! I love him. I swear, there's no better guy out there and he doesn't even exist! How typical is that in such a world that we live? (Sorry to all you straight ladies out there...he'd seriously be the perfect guy! hehe) Anyway, I like this story a TON...well, obviously, it's my story, but you know what I mean. Avery and Harry are so damn perfect together...really. Well, please keep the great reviews coming! THANKS AGAIN!

When Avery had left the Shrieking Shack, the cold outside had chilled her to the bone, but more of the chill came from the thought that she would never get to experience the thrill and happiness she experienced with her father ever again. The one person she was in love with and had given her heart to was now forcing her to be with someone else. She was angry that the world had set its boundaries without bothering to consider those who were different. She felt cheated, and as she walked, she kicked the ground.

When she had arrived back up at the castle, she set to looking for Riley. She had no idea how she would seduce him or how she would pretend to be in love with him after the way she had treated him a few days before. She hoped that, as Harry said, he would forgive her because he was already in love with her.

As she rounded a corner, she spotted him talking to another bloke. She hurried over to him and watched his face contort into confusion and curiosity.

“Hi,” Avery said calmly. Both boys simply looked at her. “Uh, could I talk to Riley alone for a minute? Do you mind?” She asked the other wizard standing there.

“Er, go for it,” he replied as he began to walk away. Avery watched over her shoulder to make sure he was out of earshot before beginning her charade.

“Listen, Riley, I’ve been meaning to talk to you. I was, er, rather unpleasant with you the other day, and I just wanted to confront you and confess that you were right.” His eyes widened. She couldn’t believe how low she was stooping just to get him to fall in her trap. She was constantly reminding herself that she was doing this for her father, and her father alone. It was all worth it then.

“Really?” Riley asked, looking impressed with the situation.

“Yes, I was just having a really bad day, and I’m sorry for being so rude. I hope you’ll forgive me.” She gave him a fake pleading smile.

“Of course, yes, anything for you, Avery dear.”

Avery forced herself to continue smiling while suppressing the fact that she wanted to hurl.

"Thank you. I just...I'm so glad you're such an understanding person. You're just so brilliant," she said, leaning in and kissing him on the cheek. She watched as his face lit up as he touched the spot where her lips had just been.

"Wow, I must have really done something extraordinary. You haven't been this nice to me since we were dating."

"Hah, funny isn't it? How we all change so much just for those we love the most?" Avery said.

"Yeah, it is," Riley responded. "So, do you want to go play some wizard chess or would you rather get some people together and go play tag in the library?"

Avery thought about it and after a moment she answered regrettably.

"Actually, I had something else in mind."

"Where are we going?" Avery heard Riley ask from behind her.

"The prefect's bathroom," Avery answered as she walked briskly down the corridor, checking to make sure no one was keeping an eye on them.

"What's in the prefect's bathroom?"

"A surprise," Avery answered.

As they neared the door, Avery gave the password, and the door swung ajar, allowing Avery and Riley inside. Avery had snuck in the prefect's bathroom a few times. Sometimes she was sick of showering in the dull bathrooms that were in the dormitories and so decided to sneak in for a quick and calming wash.

When they were securely inside, Avery bolted the door and suddenly felt extremely ill.

“So, where’s the surprise?” Riley asked nonchalantly.

“You have to close your eyes first,” Avery replied, turning around to face him.

“Alright, but don’t you dare push me in the tub with my robes on, or I’ll drag you in with me.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t,” Avery said giggling. She watched as Riley closed his eyes and she quickly undressed and got into the enormous tub. The bubbles prevented her body from being exposed, she was glad of that. She couldn’t believe she was going to force herself to sleep with Riley, but knew that there was no other way to cover up her and Harry’s mistake.

“Ok, you can open them now,” she said from in the water. Riley opened his eyes and looked around until he found her head amidst the foam.

“Avery are...are you naked?”

Avery rolled her eyes.

“No, I’m in here with all my robes on,” she replied sarcastically. “I just happened to be wearing two sets...there’s the one over on the floor.”

Riley turned his focus on the robes lying flat on the ground then turned back to Avery with a smirk.

“So...my bird is really naked in there then?”

“I’m not your bird, Riley...we’re not dating.”

“No, we’re not,” Riley said taking off his own robes, “but you sure as hell are acting like we are.”

Avery smirked. “Well, get in then. The water’s turning cold.”

Riley didn't need telling twice. She watched him undress all the way down to his briefs, and then closed her eyes until he entered the water. She watched him come nearer to her until he was standing right in front of her.

"So, this is the surprise? Skinny-dipping in the prefect's bathroom?" Riley asked smirking.

"I thought you'd be a bit more enthusiastic than that," Avery replied, forcing herself to play along.

"Oh, don't worry, baby...my enthusiasm is extremely hard right now."

Avery bit her tongue and smiled. She watched as he closed his eyes and craned his neck slightly to the side and brought his face close to hers with his lips jutting out. She did not want to comply Riley's desires, but she brought Harry's face to mind, and found it much easier to do.

His lips were much rougher than she had remembered when they were going out, but then again, Harry's were so soft; it was easy to differentiate between the two. Riley's kisses seemed sloppy and premature. She kept forcing the image of her father in her mind and realized that this was the only way she would be able to go through with this revolting act at all.

As Riley's hands began to explore her body, Avery envisioned the first time Harry had touched her. He had been gentle about it, yet overwhelmingly seductive and passionate. She would never forget the overpowering sensations Harry brought to her body when he had first come in contact with her breasts. Riley's touch, on the other hand, made Avery feel violated, but she allowed for him to continue caressing for the sake of her father.

After a few minutes of allowing Riley to have wandering hands, Avery began to push Riley through the water back to the edge of the bath. She magicked their way back up onto the ground and found herself atop of Riley. She wanted to get it over with.

“I want you to shag me, Riley,” Avery pretended to moan.

“Yeah, baby, whatever you want.” Riley positioned himself, as did Avery and when she felt his cock inside her, she bit her bottom lip. ‘Think of Harry, think of Harry.’ She was telling herself. He rocked back and forth moaning to himself as she gave a false whimper here and there. ‘It’s all for Harry. You’re shagging Harry. It’s Harry not Riley.’

As Riley’s thrusts became harder, Avery couldn’t help but moan. She wasn’t doing it out of pleasure, but simply because it was how her body was naturally responding. He continued plummeting inside her before he moaned out.

“Ohh, yes! Oh, I’m coming so bad inside you, Av.”

“Mmm, yes. I love it.”

The fact that Riley had just ejaculated inside of Avery made her want to vomit, but she thought of her Harry and the way he had felt inside of her and she remained calm. Avery slid off Riley’s cock and rolled onto the stone floor, clutching her stomach, hoping that the baby was alright, wanting nothing more than to feel Harry’s arms around her.

“That was fantastic,” she heard Riley say. “I never thought it’d be that good.”

“Yeah, it was wonderful,” Avery lied. She got up and put on her robes. “We better get back to our dormitories before we get caught.”

When they got back to the common room, Avery turned to give Riley a goodnight hug and kiss.

“I’ll see you in the morning,” she said. “Sleep well.” As she turned to go, she felt Riley turn her around.

“Same time tomorrow?” He asked giving her a hopeful grin.

“We’ll see. Right now, I’m tired and I need rest.”

“Okay, but it really was incredible! You’re amazing at it.”

“You too, Riley. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight,” she heard him say as she hustled up the stairs. When she opened the door to the dormitory, all the other girls were already asleep. She walked past Maria’s bed and threw herself onto her own four-poster. The tears had been welling up in her eyes since she had made her way up the stairs, and now it was time to let them fall. The pillows became drenched within seconds as Avery sobbed her way to sleep, wishing that her father could have been there to comfort her.

Chapter Seventeen: A Surprise for Kicks

Since the day Harry had told Avery that they couldn't be together anymore, it felt to her as though time had picked up its pace. June was nearing and exams were already in session. By this time, Avery was already passed the halfway mark of her pregnancy and only had four more months until the baby would be born.

Although the clocks seemed to tick faster, the days were growing longer as Avery's sixth year was coming to a close. The rumors Avery anticipated about her pregnancy did find their way around the castle shortly after she found out that she would be having a child, but they had ceased drastically around exam time. The bigger her stomach grew, the less rumors there were. Everyone was now treating her like a queen, especially Riley.

There was only a few minutes remaining in Avery's final N.E.W.T. exam for Defense Against the Dark Arts and she was busy scribbling away on her parchment. For the most part, the exam had been pretty easy, but Avery knew that her excellent defense skills had been gifted to her by her father.

"Time's up," came the professor's voice. "Put your quills down and look up."

Avery set her quill down at the corner of her desk and then rested her head on her hands, looking up at the professor. The stout witch came around and collected everyone's parchment and brought it back up to her desk.

"Alright, your N.E.W.T. exams have ended. You are dismissed."

Some people cheered, but Avery simply got up slowly, using the back of her desk for support.

"Av! Be careful! Ugh! You always scare me the way you get up all the time," Maria wheezed as she caught up to her friend.

“Well, do you want me to just sit down forever? I have to get up sometime, don’t I?” Avery asked, a mocking grin spreading across her face.

“I just meant to not strain your back or something,” Maria replied as the two girls filed out of the classroom. “It’s so great to be done with exams, isn’t it?”

“It definitely takes off some unnecessary stress,” Avery admitted as she held her back with her hand as they walked down the corridor in the direction of the Great Hall.

“See! You did hurt your back, didn’t you?” Maria asked in a scolding tone.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, Maria!” Avery remarked, giggling slightly. “I’m just massaging it. It grew numb sitting in that exam for so long. You know, you’re really starting to sound like my mother.”

“Well, I worry about you, Av, I mean, you’re practically my sister so I have to watch out for you.”

“I know,” Avery said in an understanding voice, “you just make me laugh at how fussy you are about this whole thing.”

Maria crossed her arms playfully and both girls giggled as they passed the Great Hall and headed outside into the bright, sunny day.

The sunlight hit Avery’s face like a sheet, comforting and warm against her slightly pale skin. She closed her eyes and smiled while inhaling deeply before stepping down the stairs. As soon as she had opened her eyes, she saw Riley.

“Hey, ladies,” he said casually, making his way up the steps.

“Hi, dear,” Avery said rubbing her stomach. “We just got out of our last N.E.W.T.” Riley reached them and kissed the top of Avery’s head.

“Yeah, I got done with mine a few minutes ago, too. That Potions one was really hard.”

“Oh, really? I didn’t think it was bad at all,” Maria said, entering the conversation.

“I struggled with it,” Riley admitted and Avery watched as his cheeks turned a light shade of pink. “But let’s not talk about that. How are you feeling, babe?”

“I feel fine...normal if you will,” Avery remarked, smiling up at Riley. She had not forgotten her father for one second since the day they had broken their relationship off. In fact, he occurred in her mind more often. She had been so successful at pretending to be in love with Riley, that she didn’t even need to think about it anymore. She had become immune to the repulsiveness of it and now it was simply a task she was doing for her father.

“I think I want to go for a swim,” Avery said.

“Sounds fun,” Riley commented. “I’ll summon our suits and then we can—”

“I mean, I think I want to go alone,” Avery interrupted. She watched Riley’s face contort into a frown of confusion.

“Why alone, baby?”

“I would just like a little ‘me time’ if that’s alright with you both,” Avery replied looking at Riley and Maria for approval. “I’ve just been through a lot and have had a lot on my mind the past few months is all.”

Maria nodded and Riley nodded along a few seconds later.

“Are you sure you’ll be alright swimming alone?” Riley asked sounding concerned.

“I’ll be fine, Riley. You both need to stop worrying so much.” She leaned in and kissed his cheek, then turned to walk down the remainder of the steps to go to the lake.

When her friends had disappeared from view behind the trees, Avery looked forward and saw the black lake glistening in the sunlight. The waters looked inviting and as Avery checked to make sure no one was around, she undressed and waded in.

Although the day was warm, the temperature of the water was a bit chilly. She felt the goose bumps run up and down her body as she went further into the water. The sand on the bottom of the lake was a bit murky, and as soon as Avery was far enough out to not touch the icky bottom, she lifted her legs off the ground and began to swim. She swam on her back, treaded water, and tried to float. The sun was still shining brightly and Avery was enjoying submerging herself under the cool water.

After a few moments, Avery heard a voice behind her.

“You shouldn’t be out here alone.”

She turned her gaze upon the man standing on the edge of the shore. His black untidy hair was going every which way and his green eyes were sparkling behind his round glasses.

“Hi daddy!” Avery said, swimming towards him. “What are you doing here?”

“Just checking up on my gorgeous daughter, is that alright?”

“Of course it’s alright. It’s a lovely surprise!”

“You’re a lovely surprise. I didn’t think I would be so lucky as to find you swimming naked,” Harry said suggestively giving Avery a smirk.

“Oh, you are full of it,” she teased. She got to where she could touch again and then stood up. She watched Harry’s eyes dart to her stomach and smile.

“You are so beautiful pregnant,” he said giving her a smile. He made a towel appear out of thin air and handed it to Avery as she walked out of the water.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully, taking it from him. “It’s mostly your doing, though.”

Harry chuckled. She loved the way his voice was so deep and hoarse when he laughed. Avery dried herself then quickly dressed again. Harry had turned away.

“You know, Avery, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since we both left that day at the Shrieking Shack. I didn’t want to come see you during school because I didn’t want to affect the plan of you being with Riley. I’m still crazy about you, though,” he said turning towards Avery now. She felt a jolt in her stomach and she knew it wasn’t the baby. She walked over to him and took his hand in hers. She ran her fingers around his gently while staring up into his beautiful emerald spheres.

“I’m crazy about you, too, dad.” She paused. “You have no idea how hard it was for me to force myself to sleep with him. I cried myself to sleep afterwards because I felt like I had cheated on you. I’ve been feeling it ever since, but I constantly am reminding myself that it’s for you.”

The sound of nature filled in for the silence between father and daughter. Two sets of green eyes were peering into the other; wanting; needing; and unable to possess the other.

“Avery,” Harry whispered, breaking the silence. “I love you. I always have and I always will, you know that. And I just want you to know that no matter what happens or what doesn’t happen to us in the future, that you’ll always be my number one girl and you’ll always be the one that gives me butterflies. You’re the only one that has my heart and I am always going to be there for you when you need me. I’ll always be your shoulder to cry on, and I just wish the best for you because you don’t deserve anything less.”

Avery couldn’t help the tears that were spilling down her cheeks. She wanted to just kiss her father in that moment, but knew it was too risky and that someone might see them.

"I don't know what to say," she whimpered. "I feel the same way. You know I love you with all I am."

"I know," Harry replied huskily. Avery felt his strong, warm arms embrace her and hold her. She cried onto his shoulder, leaving tearstains on his shirt, but she knew that he wouldn't care. She squeezed him back and then let go.

"I should probably go back up so Maria and Riley don't worry about me," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Yeah, I think that's a good idea. I have to get back to work, too. I just wanted to stop in and check on you two," Harry said putting his hand on Avery's stomach. She placed her hand on his, and all of a sudden, she felt a kick.

"Ooh!" Harry had obviously felt it, too.

"That was a kick, wasn't it?!" He asked excitedly. Avery nodded and the baby kicked again. She laughed.

"It kind of tickles," she said giggling. Harry looked up at her and smiled.

"God you are so beautiful," he whispered, taking his hand away and putting it on her face.

Avery felt herself suddenly heat up and it wasn't due to the sunrays beaming down on her. Harry leaned in and grazed his lips against hers, sending chills down her spine. All the four months she had been kissing Riley and pretending it was Harry made her almost forget what it felt like to feel the real lips against hers. She had forgotten how elevated she felt when he kissed her, and she realized, now, just how bad she had missed him.

A/N: Well, how did everyone like this chapter's turnout? Decent, eh? I think so! Well, anyway, hope you keep reviewing! I love hearing what everyone thinks! I would like to see a few extra reviews if I can...just cuz they make me happy! But either way, THANKS to everyone who is dedicated to reading this story!

PLEASE REVIEW!!!

Chapter Eighteen: As It Should Be

The last day of school came without notice, and soon Avery found herself overly delighted to be going home. Her friends found it awkward that she was so ecstatic to be leaving school since usually it was a drag for her to have to leave the wondrous castle.

Avery, Maria, and Riley boarded the train and found an empty compartment. They all seated themselves and waited for everyone to board so that the train could have a smooth departure. Avery seated herself next to the window, beaming.

"Can you please tell me why the hell you're so abnormally giddy to be going home?" Riley asked, the slight irritation extremely noticeable in his voice.

"I don't know why," Avery lied, staring out at the world around her. "I guess it'll just be nice to be home and just be able to lie around with this big stomach and not have people give you weird looks." It was the best she could come up with. She stole a glance at Maria who was looking rather uncomfortable.

"I have to go talk to Jordan a minute, I'll be right back," Maria said standing up to leave. Avery gave her a pleading look to stay, but all Maria could do was shrug. She obviously didn't want to be in the middle of a fight. As soon as she closed the compartment door, Riley got up and moved to where Maria had just been sitting.

"What's the matter with you?" Avery asked folding her arms.

"You're what's the matter. It just feels like you don't even enjoy being in my company or something."

"Riley, what are you going on about? We've been having a great time these past couple months. How can you say something like that?" Avery asked trying to sound convincing.

"It just all feels like a show or something. I don't feel like you're with me again because it's what you want. It feels like you're just in it to please me."

Avery felt her throat tighten, but the surge of anger inside her was greater and she overcame it.

"I don't do things just to please people, Riley," Avery snapped.

"Look, I'm just telling you how I feel."

"Yeah, and I'm telling you that I'm not with you just for your sake. I love you and I want to be with you. It's not a show." Avery could feel a surge of pain inside her as she deceitfully confessed everything to him, trying to prove to him that she really did want to be with him. His face softened after she said this.

"Alright. Alright, baby, I'm sorry," he said, quietly moving back to sit next to her again and putting his arm around her. "I overreacted. My fault."

"Don't worry about it," she said giving him a fake smile. She turned her attention back to the free outside and the train began to move.

When the train had arrived at King's Cross, Avery's heart was pounding. She would be seeing Harry again and it would be just like it was during the holidays: just her and Harry. She was planning on visiting Riley here and there on the in-betweens, but she was most excited about just being able to sleep in her father's arms again.

As the train came to a complete stop, Avery forced herself to get up slowly. She grabbed her bag and headed out of the compartment into the crowded corridor. She and Riley pushed their way towards the door and hopped off. When Avery set foot on the cement ground, she stood on her tiptoes to see Harry, but she couldn't see him.

"There's my dad," she heard Riley say through the muffled sounds of the train and students.

"I can't find mine," Avery said still searching for her father.

"I'm sure he's here somewhere," Riley said helping her look. As soon as Riley had spoken, Avery saw Harry burst through platform 9¾ carrying a bouquet of flowers. Avery's face lit up as she ran through the crowd to meet him. She tossed her sack aside and raced up to him where he brought her into the biggest hug.

"Oh, Avery!" Harry smiled, hugging her tightly, but careful not to crush her tummy. "I've been up since last night waiting for you to come home! It's been torture!"

"Me too!" Avery sighed, holding her father tightly around the waist. "God, I could hardly keep myself calm on the train ride home, it was horrible!"

"Well, I'm sorry I was late. I er—got you these for a welcome home present. They're not much, but I just thought—" but Avery cut him off.

"They're beautiful. Thank you so much." She took them gently into her arms as Riley and Neville came walking up behind them.

"Hullo Harry," Neville smiled offering his hand for a shake.

"Neville," Harry nodded as he shook his hand.

"Looks like our little Riley and Avery have gotten back together," Neville said, patting his son on the shoulder proudly.

"Dad!" Riley snapped in a shushed voice, growing red.

"Oh, yes!" Harry said nodding and smiling. Avery could tell it was forged. "It's wonderful news!"

"Well, we better be off. The wife is waiting at home and she'll be wanting to see this one," Neville said gesturing to Riley. "Nice seeing you two again."

“Same for you, Neville. Take care, Riley,” Harry said giving him a wave.

“Bye Mr. Potter, Sir,” Riley replied before turning and placing a kiss on Avery’s lips. Avery was not expecting it, but gave a false smile and waved as Riley and his father made their way for the door.

“Ugh...” Avery groaned rolling her eyes and bending down to grab her bag. She heard her father muttering under his breath and looked up at him perplexed. “Are you talking to yourself?”

“No, I was just,” Harry sighed before speaking again. “He just isn’t good enough for you,” her father pouted grabbing her trunk and heading off in the direction of the exit with a bit of an irritated purse of the lips.

“Dad, this was your plan, remember? I’m doing it for you...for us,” Avery said smiling up at Harry. He smiled back and wrapped his free arm around her as they both made their way to the door.

Harry and Avery made it to the car without running into anyone else. Harry loaded Avery’s trunk into the backseat of the car as Avery hopped in the front seat. Avery held the flowers close to her and smelled them. They made her feel as though she were in a field of blooming wildflowers.

The ride home was filled with chatter between father and daughter and when the two Potters arrived home, their tongues were exhausted. Harry hoisted the trunk out of the back of the car and brought it up the front path and stepped into the house with Avery following behind him.

When Avery entered the house, she noticed that a banner was hanging from the ceiling. It read: Welcome home my little Avery! I love you! –Dad (Harry) A smile crept up onto her face.

“Do you realize how damn cute you are?” Avery asked, setting down her knapsack.

“I’m not cute,” Harry said convincingly. “I’m pathetic is what it is.”

“Oh, come off it, dad! You know it’s ruddy adorable that you made me a banner! And the whole fact that you were late to the station because you were getting me flowers is absolutely charming!” Avery smiled at him and then made her way over to Harry and ran her fingers through his hair. “I love you, dad. And your cuteness is only one of the many reasons that I do.” She leaned her pregnant stomach up against Harry and kissed him. She held her lips on his for what seemed like an eternity before breaking away and was happy to see the dazed look on his face.

“Damn, Avery,” Harry moaned, “You have no idea how much I’ve missed you.”

A/N: Thank you to all my faithful reviewers and to all my new reviewers as well! I love you all! Thank you for supporting my story! It wouldn't be the same without any fans! Anyway, hope this chapter relieves some stress about what's going to happen later in the story...who knows? Well, just remember it's a story...so enjoy it!

THANKS AGAIN!

Chapter 19: A Daunting Drizzle

Avery stood there gazing at her father with utmost love flooding through her. Just hearing the passion in his words when he said he missed her made her feel like she was floating on a white, fluffy, cloud roaming through the freedom of the endless sky.

“Oh Dad, I’ve missed you too!” Avery said going to embrace Harry once more. “You have no idea how hard it’s been with Riley breathing down my back every five seconds wondering if I’m alright or not.” She felt Harry rubbing his hands along her back. It felt good to be under his touch once again.

“He hasn’t hurt you or anything has he?” Avery shook her head ‘no’ in response. “Good! Because if he did, I would make sure that I personally deliver him a good wallop!”

Avery giggled into Harry’s neck making him cringe a little.

“Hey, girl...you better stop that or you might accidentally turn me on,” Harry chuckled nuzzling her neck back. Avery squirmed as he clutched her close without putting too much pressure on her stomach.

“Ahh, stop it!” She laughed pursuing to tickle her father’s sides. “That tickles!”

“Oh, but you like it!” Harry teased, now trying to get out of Avery’s grasp but before Avery had time to laugh, she felt an agonizing lurch in her stomach. She pulled away from Harry, groaning and clutching onto her stomach.

“What’s the matter, Av?!” Harry asked looking bewildered and mildly afraid.

“Just kicking really hard I think,” Avery muttered, bending over slightly, resting her arms on her knees.

“Well, here, come sit down,” Harry said, gently taking her hand and helping her lie comfortably on the couch. Avery couldn’t help but

smile as Harry propped every pillow for her head and feet, then rushed out of the room and returned momentarily with a glass of ice cold milk. He knelt down next to Avery and handed her the cup. "Here, this will help." Avery beamed at him. "What?"

"You're just too damn cute for your own good," she sighed, taking a sip of the cold white liquid. Harry blushed slightly and then smiled a bit.

"And you're too beautiful for me..." Avery stopped in the middle of her sip and looked up at him.

"No I'm not, Harry...I'm beautiful JUST for you...you MADE me for goodness sake! It's impossible for me to be 'too beautiful'!"

Harry nodded but then gave a smirk.

"What?" Avery asked trying to read her father's expression.

"It's just..." he began, "I can't help it...when you say my name, it makes me want to do crazy things." Avery noticed that Harry's face, indeed, had contorted into a mild sensual expression.

"Well, tell me about it...what sorts of crazy things does it make you want to do?" Avery asked tracing his thigh with her fingertip. She felt his thigh tense.

"You really want to know?" Harry asked, looking devilish. Avery nodded trying to give her father a seductive look.

"Well...first, it makes me want to kiss every inch of your body, from head to toe, lingering a bit on your gorgeous and tasty lips. Then I want to slowly take off your blouse with my own hands and watch as your bra becomes visible to me, that tiny article of clothing holding back your two deliciously supple breasts. I want to then slide your pants off so that I can see whatever seductive panties you're wearing and then run my hands up and down your sleek shoulders, hearing you emit tiny moans with your head lolling back and your eyes closed loosely. After that, I want to unclip your bra, leaving it covering you, only to tease the both of us. Then I want to kiss you and slide my

tongue over yours because your saliva tastes so sweet. And then I want to slide your bra off of you and press my already naked chest against yours so that your luscious bosoms are pressing up against my chest. Once your nipples slide across my own, making my cock extremely hard, I want to shower your thighs in kisses, making my way up to your underwear, then taking them in my teeth and sliding them off of you so that I can see your beautiful clit, shining and welcoming me...”

Avery could feel herself ejaculating at the scenario Harry had played out for her and she wanted him to go on, but yet, she wanted to find out for herself what would come next. She hadn't realized that she had closed her eyes and had her head tilted back, moaning slightly. It was only when she felt her father's real hands on her face did she come back and stare into the matching emerald eyes that were her own.

“C'mon...let's go to the bedroom...” Harry's voice was seductive and rasping.

It had been six months since she had last experienced love-making with her own flesh and blood. The thought of sleeping with her father that had once disturbed her had now vanished and transformed into an erotic desire that was pulling at her very core. She wanted Harry badly and there was nothing that anyone could do to stop her.

Harry had taken her hand and was guiding her up the steps to his bedroom but Avery stopped him in the middle of the corridor. He turned to look at her, bemused.

“I don't want to do it in the bedroom,” she said and paused. “I want to do it in the shower.” The smirk that spread across Harry's face was obviously not a protest for he pushed her gently towards the bathroom door.

When Avery and Harry entered the lavatory the room suddenly changed to a tropical rainforest scene. Avery looked around what she remembered to be walls and saw that the forest was endless and extremely large full of many green plants and tall trees. She heard the call of birds and the croaks of tree-frogs.

“Dad? What are--” but Harry cut her off.

“You said you wanted to do it in the shower...” Avery nodded slowly still a bit perplexed but then felt a few raindrops hit her arms. She looked up to see that the sky had darkened slightly. After a few seconds, she could no longer stand up since the rain had grown stronger. She stared at Harry, watching the outline of his perfect body form as the water soaked through his clothes. Avery, too, became drenched, and she watched Harry’s eyes stare at her hungrily.

As he made his way over to her, he removed his shirt so that his tan chest and abdomen were exposed; the little droplets sliding down each crease. Avery felt extremely turned on as she watched her father disrobe his upper half. She stared, amusedly, at her father’s torso, wanting to lie against it as he slowly penetrated her once more. As Harry reached her, he put his face close to hers, the water dripping down his black hair.

“I love you, baby girl.” Before Avery had time to say it back, she felt Harry’s wet lips on hers. The water was racing down both of their bodies and faces. She felt his hands pull her more into the kiss as he used the other hand to unfasten her blouse. Her shirt was off as quick as the next drop of rain, exposing her bra and the supple breasts that were nestled inside it. Harry took a second to break away from her and stare down at her lovely chest before looking up at her and smirking. In the rain, his face, hair, and smile made Avery shiver...it was so extremely sexy that Avery couldn’t help but come.

Harry unlatched her bra successfully and professionally. The feel of his fingers sliding down her wet shoulders and arms to remove the silky holder made Avery’s insides squelch. Once her breasts and hard nipples were exposed, she felt Harry step back from her and just gaze, with his hands resting on his hips.

“God, you’re beautiful...” Avery smiled, though her erotic zones were still intact and she still wanted to feel Harry inside of her. She beckoned him forward, but instead, Harry unzipped himself and let his pants and boxers fall to the ground. He stepped out of them,

standing in the rain with his cock erect and eye-tasting every inch of Avery's body. "Your turn," he muttered.

Avery didn't need to have her father ask again. She did as she was told and immediately removed her lower half so that she, too, was standing naked under the tree with the rain, ceaselessly streaming down her flesh, giving her goose pimples.

She watched as her father slowly walked over to her and wrapped his arms around her now slightly enlarged waist. She could feel his dick against her abdomen, but she looked into his orgasmic green eyes and listened as he spoke.

"I've never loved another like you, Avery...you've always been my number one girl and you always will be..." Avery watched as Harry took a deep sigh and paused. "This isn't easy for me to say, but you know I've done so much for you in the past sixteen years of your life. I changed your diapers when you were a baby, I rocked you to sleep humming sweet lullabies, I held you at night when the storms were fierce. I'm here with you now, keeping you safe and happy. So, now...I need to ask just one favor from you if you're willing to do it for me."

"Anything..." Avery whispered, feeling lost in a trance looking at her gorgeous father.

Harry nuzzled against her and then brought his lips to hers once again. After he broke apart he gently brought her hand to his mouth and kissed it. When he broke away, Avery felt as though she may faint. The ring he had just placed upon her finger with the kiss was glistening like a star shining off in the distance, yet it was right there in front of her. She looked up into her father's eyes, not knowing what to feel.

"Avery Virginia Potter...will you make me the happiest man in the world and marry me?"

The tears that came to Avery's eyes were that of ecstasy, relief, and exhilaration. They streamed down her face mixing with the rain. Through everything she and her father had both been through the last

few months, she had never expected it to come down to this. She nodded and answered in a quiet little voice.

“Of course, Harry...of course I'll be your wife...”

Harry grinned the broadest Avery had ever seen. He then stood up and kissed her like a man: controlled, passionate, and sensual. She slipped into the kiss as though she fell into a dream feeling slightly dizzy and light as a feather. They kissed under the trees as the rain showered gently over them until finally, Harry laid Avery down on the sodden grass and sweetly rode her until the rain ceased to pour...

A/N: THANK YOU TO ALL MY LOVELY REVIEWERS!!!! YOU ARE SOOOOOO INCREDIBLE, AWESOME, AND SWEET! KEEP REVIEWING!!!! and please BE PATIENT! I will get the next chapter up as soon as I can...hope you all enjoyed this chapter! I promise that for those of you who are a bit more sexually inclined, there will be more smut in future chapters, so please just let it be my special phrase...BE PATIENT! I THANK YOU ALL KINDLY!!!!

Until next chapter...

Chapter Twenty: Another Day

When Avery awoke the next morning, she was snuggled under a few blankets. Before she realized where she was, she lazily leaned next to her and smelt the pillow. It smelled like her father, and she smiled to herself, knowing that she was in Harry's bed. She rolled onto her back and saw that Harry had left her a note. She scrambled over to the bedside table and snatched it up. It read:

'Morning baby girl,

I went over to Ron and Hermione's. Ron sent me an owl this morning saying that Hermione was sick and he needed me to go over there. I should be home shortly, but I didn't want to wake you, beautiful. I love you. See you soon.

Avery smiled at the paper then laid her head back down and fell back asleep.

Harry had made it over to the Weasley's and was helping Maria cook some food while Ron was making sure Hermione's feet were propped, her head was lying perfectly on the pillow, and that the bucket was nearby just in case. Harry could not stop thinking about his daughter lying innocently on the bed and how miraculous the previous night had been.

"Is that soup just about finished?" Maria asked, bringing Harry back to the real world.

"Uh...yes! In fact, here, let me pour it in a bowl for her..." Harry said waving his hands so that the soup poured gingerly into a glass bowl. Once Hermione's soup was ready, Harry grabbed a spoon and made his way into the living room where Hermione was lying on the sofa.

"Here we are...fresh chicken noodle soup right from the stove," Harry said setting down the bowl in mid air right near Hermione's left cheek.

"Thank you, Harry," Ron smiled.

“No problem...I’ll go clean up in the kitchen while you take care of her.”

“You can stay if you want, Harry,” Hermione whispered from the couch. “We are friends you know.” Harry smiled politely but then shook his head.

“Thanks but I should probably be getting home. Avery was still asleep when I left but she might be awake now...”

“Oh, alright, that’s fine...” Hermione groaned as she shifted slightly. “I really appreciate this though. Thank you.”

“Just rest ‘Mione!” Ron said patting her head. “Just eat your soup...”

“Thanks Ron, but I’m not dying you know...” she teased smiling slightly. Harry smirked.

“You two really haven’t changed a bit you know...” Both his friends gave him a grin and then he walked back into the kitchen to clean up the mess.

Avery had showered and dressed before going downstairs and making herself some French toast. After eating a little breakfast, she made her way into the family room and rested on the couch before picking up an old magazine on the nearby table and flipping through it. Before long, she heard a knock at the door. She got up semi-quickly and ran to the door excitedly. She had been waiting to see Harry all morning. When she got to the door and opened it, welcoming in a chill to her ankles, her grin immediately faded when she saw Riley standing there with a bouquet of red roses in his hand.

“Are you sure you don’t want to stay, mate?” Ron asked, pouring himself some tea. “Mi doesn’t seem to mind at all.”

“Yeah, thanks, I would stay, but Avery’s at home and she just makes me nervous being pregnant and all now so I just...I need to make sure she’s not by herself too often.” Harry felt himself suddenly flushing and hoped that Ron hadn’t noticed...after all, it had been the first time he had really mentioned Avery being pregnant to Ron.

“Yeah, how’s she getting along with the whole pregnancy thing anyway?”

“Fine,” Harry shrugged casually.

“How are you coping with that, I mean, Merlin’s Beard! She’s only sixteen! If that were Maria pregnant, I would’ve been so furious...” Ron said shaking his head in thought, speaking more to himself than to Harry. Harry found that he had no response, so he stood there, shifting his weight. “Well, anyway...you get home then...I’m sure Hermione will be just fine. Thanks for coming over though, mate. You’re the best.” Ron pulled Harry into a hug, gripping him firmly. Harry felt slightly ashamed of himself that he had been deceitful to both of his best friends, but he knew that their friendship could be jeopardized if he confesses.

As he made his way out, he suddenly felt very empty. He knew that this whole time he had been violating almost every good thing he could think of. He had betrayed Ginny, had taken his daughter’s virginity, and had lied to his friends. He suddenly felt very miserable as he trudged through the thick snow back to his car.

“Riley! What are you doing here?” Avery exclaimed, quickly putting her left hand behind her so that he wouldn’t see the ring Harry had given her.

“What do you mean, ‘what am I doing here?’ you are my pregnant girlfriend, remember?” He said smiling handing her the roses. Avery took them, gratefully and smiled awkwardly at him.

“Look, I don’t mean to be rude, but this isn’t the best time...see, my dad’s real sick and I need to—”

"Well if your father's sick, maybe you shouldn't be around him...bad for the baby and all."

"No, it's fine. I need to take care of him so if you could please come back a little later this week then that would be great..."

"Well how about I help you take care of him?" Riley suggested but Avery's eyes grew wide and she shook her head.

"No, no...that's not necessary," Avery said in a higher pitch than her normal tone and suddenly she spotted her father's car coming down the road. She threw herself at Riley and began kissing him. "Oh Riley! You are just too wonderful! You're amazing!"

Avery knew that Riley probably thought her mildly insane, but as she saw Harry's car now pulling into the driveway, she motioned with her hands to hide himself. She met his eyes as she hugged Riley and gave him "a look" to which Harry responded immediately by apparating into the house. Avery pulled away and smiled embarrassingly.

"Sorry, got a little carried away, I suppose..."

"That's fine. Well, hey...if you need anything, I'm just a few blocks away you know? Give me a call..." Riley placed a romantic kiss on her lips as Harry made his way down the stairs in a robe. Avery immediately pulled away when she heard the stairs creak, wiping her lips as though wiping a disease from her mouth.

"Oh, dad! You must be feeling much better, hmm?" Avery said grasping Harry's eyes with her own and trying to tell him to play along.

"Yeah. Much better," Harry said bitterly before walking into the kitchen. "And shut that door! It's freezing! Not good for my health!"

"You better go," Avery said pushing Riley down the steps.

"Alright, call me baby?"

“Yes, yes...just go,” Avery pleaded as Riley walked down the path and out of the driveway before starting down the recently plowed road. Avery shut the door as soon as he had begun walking down the road and hustled into the kitchen.

“Thank you so much for playing along with all that!” Avery said taking a seat next to Harry.

“What was he doing here?” Harry asked sternly.

“Uh...he just happened to drop by and gave me some roses. I wasn't expecting him if that's what you meant.” She watched Harry's face sigh in frustration. “What?” She asked calmly.

Harry took a moment before answering. “It's just...you're in love with me, not him. And that's my baby you're carrying...It's hard to watch you kiss him like that when--”

“DAD! He's the one that kissed ME! I absolutely HATE kissing him...he doesn't even know how to do it properly. And besides, it's your kisses I'm addicted to...” Avery sighed, leaning in and kissing Harry sweetly on the lips. “Your kisses drive me mad...”

She watched her father's gorgeous green eyes smile back at her before kissing her again.

The day droned on as Avery and her father played board games, read separately, and made dinner together. After they had eaten, they had gone up to bed and cuddled in Harry's bedroom among the King sized sheets.

Avery lay quietly in her father's arms before leaning in to kiss him goodnight.

“I love you, see you in the morning.”

“I love you, too, sweetheart. Sweet dreams to you.”

Harry had kissed her and then laid his head down on his own pillow before turning out the light. When he closed his eyes, he felt himself fall asleep rather quickly, and soon he was dreaming of the beautiful girl lying right in his arms.

A/N: Well? Are you happy with the new chapter? Hope so! I cannot wait to read more reviews! You won't believe how much I've missed them! So...please do let me know what you think! The next chapter's going to be great, so hold tight and please be patient...i'm VERY VERY busy...I'll try as hard as I can to get the next chapter up and running! Thanks for your support and patience! I LOVE YOU GUYS!!!! KEEP THE REVIEWS COMING!!!

Chapter 21: Waking Up to Reality

When Harry awoke the next morning, his skin was moist with sweat and his heart was pounding. Voldemort was killing Ginny in his dreams. He got up out of his tousled bed and looked over to his side. Avery was not there. He peered over at his clock on the wall and noticed it was the middle of the night. 3 a.m. Harry quickly rushed out of the bedroom and headed down the hall to Avery's room. He could still see the morbid killing of his wife right before his eyes as he walked shakily down the hallway.

When he reached Avery's bedroom, he gave a light knock at the door and then heard her say 'come in,' in her sweet angelic, yet tired voice. Harry propped the door open slightly and nearly collapsed backward. In the faded glow of the tiny night-light next to the bed, Harry saw what he thought to be an illusion. Her red hair was hanging slightly in her face and her breathing was steady. She was close to the bassinet, and the child was sound asleep. He shook his head, shut his eyes tight, wondering if he was dreaming. But, he had just awoken from a dream...hadn't he?

"Gi-Ginny?" His voice trembled slightly as he said the name. Her soft blue eyes opened and peered up at him. She gave a soft grin.

"Hey," she said sleepily. "What's the matter? Bad dream again?" Harry watched as she stretched her thinly toned body. "Why are you looking at me like I'm a ghost?" She asked, sitting up quietly so as not to stir the sleeping infant.

"Uh...I um...this has to be a dream...it just...has to."

"Harry, what are you talking about?" Ginny asked now standing and slowly coming near him. Harry backed away, suddenly afraid.

"This just...it can't be real. You're dead," Harry whispered stepping out into the hallway and running his hands frustratingly through his black locks. He leaned over the rail to the stairway suddenly feeling a warm hand on his lower back, making his stomach twist itself.

“Harry...if there’s something bothering you, talk to me...that’s why I’m here. I’m your friend before I’m your wife...just talk to me.”

Her hand felt as it always had when he had been in trouble or pain: soothing. Ginny had always been there when he had needed her, but this time, something just didn’t feel right. He stepped sideways, out of her grasp and looked her in the eyes.

“I have to be dreaming...this just...it can’t...” but Ginny interrupted.

“Look, Harry...do you remember the accident?”

Harry gave her a befuddled glance. “What accident?”

“When you fell off the front steps by slipping on the ice? You hit your head and went out cold. Do you remember it?”

Harry raised a brow. “It never happened...none of this is happening!” Harry said a bit louder than he had wanted to. “Look, I’m with someone else, you’re dead, and our daughter’s sixteen! This is all a bad dream!” Harry said bounding down the stairs but right before he hit the bottom of the stairs, Ginny had appeared before him, startling him and causing him to slip and miss the last few steps, sliding down right in front of her. He looked up at her, now shaking.

“What is this? Who are you?” Harry asked suddenly very frightened. Ginny leaned down in his face.

“This is not a dream, Harry. None of whatever you’re talking about happened. It was all a figment of your imagination. I’m your wife, Ginny Molly Weasley Potter. Tell me you remember...”

Harry saw the tears suddenly spilling down Ginny’s pale cheeks. He felt empathetic and stood up. He slowly took a step towards her and embraced her. Her shoulders were much broader than what he remembered Avery’s to be. He rubbed her back, trying to calm her from shuddering and crying.

“It’s alright, I’m here...” Although he had loved this woman for most of his adolescent life and the fact that he was holding her in his arms, he

felt farther away from her than he ever had before. He pulled away gently and looked into her eyes. They had stopped crying. He pulled away.

“Look, I know this sounds horrible...but I’m in love with our daughter.” Ginny’s face did not change to angry, sad, or even surprised.

“I know,” she sighed. “But Harry, it’s wrong. I know you know it’s wrong.” Ginny brought her chin to her chest and when she looked back up at Harry, new tears had developed. “I just wish that I could’ve stuck around for you. I loved you as best I could and I still love you. I just fell awfully betrayed by you.”

“Ginny, do you think I asked for this to happen? Don’t you remember how much I grieved for you after you were murdered? I cried endless nights for a month before I could even work again...you call that betrayal?” Harry’s heart sank. He knew that she was right, but yet, the healthy heart beating inside him forced him to feel otherwise. He allowed a slight silence before he began again. “I’ve moved on, Gin. I loved you for three wonderful years and if you wouldn’t have been taken from me, I would still love you just the same. But you were gone. I couldn’t stick around to wait for someone who wasn’t coming back...”

“I know...but she’s our daughter, Harry...our baby...”

“And you don’t think I realize that?! Ginny, I have been over this whole thing countless times! I know it’s wrong but...” Harry’s shoulders lifted as he sighed heavily. “I’m in love with her. I can’t help it...I’m just so drawn to her, and I care about her like no one else...she’s so perfect.”

Ginny stood there silently taking in all Harry was saying. She didn’t speak but continued to gaze at Harry. He finally spoke.

“Please let me wake up, Ginny...please...” Harry pleaded looking at her desperately.

“You already are, Harry...it’s me who’s not awake.” Harry looked into the lonely blue eyes before he saw them slowly floating away from

him. He watched as Ginny began to disappear into thin air. He heard a baby start crying and the last he saw of Ginny was her heartbreaking sapphire eyes in the middle of the cold and empty room.

A/N: Well? How's about that little plot twister? I guess it's not TECHNICALLY a plot twist, but it feels like it is...the whole Ginny thing sets this whole other mood to the piece...ANYWAY, sorry...my english is getting to me...hope everyone enjoyed it as much as I did! Please continue to be patient, because I'm sure I won't have the next installment for a while now..unless another MIRACLE happens...Keep the reviews flowing...i LOVE getting them..makes the sun shine brighter!

And just to clarify...the whole thing about Ginny saying Harry tripped and fell on the ice causing him to be "out" was just to make all you readers THINK Harry dreamt all of the Avery stuff...but then it's just a teaser and really he is DREAMING of GINNY...so yeah...just clarifying that. Alright, REVIEW TIME!!!!

Chapter 22: Aggravation Arrives

When Avery felt her father twitching in his sleep, she slowly awakened and stretched before slowly flipping onto her other hip. She reached out a hand and shook Harry slightly saying his name aloud.

“Harry! Wake up!” It took a moment for Harry to stop fidgeting, but soon enough, he lay peacefully again, although his eyes turned to face Avery. His eyes were lacking some color it seemed.

“Bad dream?” Avery asked, yawning. Her father nodded. “What’s the matter?”

“I just had a dream about your mother...” Harry sighed. Avery’s ears were soon a bit more perked up.

“Oh...well, what happened?” Avery struggled to speak.

“She spoke to me...she told me I was betraying her and that this was wrong.”

Avery swallowed, and then cast her eyes to the side as if in shame. “She—she did?” Avery whispered feeling a sudden awkwardness take over her.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed again, pulling the sheet and blanket off of him, then swiveling his hips until he was sitting at the edge of the bed. Avery looked at the back her father’s neck. She felt far away from him. She wanted to reach out and rub his back, but felt like he would shrug her off if she did, so she kept her hands to herself. Instead, she slowly rose herself and waddled towards the door.

“I’m going to shower,” she said casually. She heard the bed creak and she knew that Harry had stood up. She peered over her shoulder at him. “You want to come?”

When she entered the lavatory, a topless Harry followed in silence. She slowly slid off her pajama pants and her shirt, exposing her smooth skin. Her breasts had become a bit larger with the pregnancy,

and Avery found her belly nearly to the point where she couldn't bend all the way over. In a couple months, she would only be able to sit and stand, not bend.

Harry had removed his garments as Avery turned on the hot water. She turned the cold on slightly to make the temperature of the water nice and warm before pulling back the curtain and stepping in. Harry followed.

She grabbed a washrag and began to lather it up with soap, allowing the tepid waters to soothe her tense skin. She felt a pair of cool hands wrap around her stomach, and felt her father's lips pressing down upon her left shoulder.

"Oh, Avery..." was all he whispered.

After showering, Avery wrapped herself in a big towel before drying off and changing into some clothes. Harry had helped to wash her, making her feel closer to him again. After changing into a pair of sweats and a long-sleeved shirt, Avery made her way downstairs to find that there was post sitting on the table that Hedwig must have brought in. She walked over and picked up the three letters. Two of them were for her father, but the last one she looked at was for her.

Avery tore open the letter that didn't have a return address or name on it and began to read. As she read, she recognized the writing at once. It was Riley's.

My little Avery,

It was amazing seeing you yesterday! You look outstanding! You're gorgeous pregnant...I can't wait to be the father of our little one! I just know that you'll be a wonderful mother to our child because you're so goo-

But Avery threw the letter aside, angrily. Harry entered the kitchen and she spun around to look at him.

"I can't keep pretending that the baby is Riley's! It's NOT RIGHT!" She hadn't anticipated screaming, but it sort of slipped out.

"Shh! Hun, it's oka—"

"NO! NO IT'S NOT! I CAN'T STAND HIDING THIS! WHAT WE HAVE! IT'S NOT FAIR!!" Avery stomped her foot onto the floor. She felt Harry walk over to her quickly and lay his hands on her shoulders.

"It's not good for the baby if you scream and get angry like that..." His voice had an immediate calming effect on her.

"I'm sorry..." she looked down at her own belly and rubbed it. "I'm sorry. It's just really not fair, dad. I hate lying..."

"Avery, we've been through this..."

"I know! But I'm ready to just come out and tell everyone. I'm not ashamed!" The tears came unwillingly. "I want everyone to know!" Avery felt her voice crack. Harry rubbed her arm and she sighed.

"Avery, they will know one day, I promise," Harry spoke gently. "But that day is not today. This thing between us...it's not easy for me to keep it from everyone." Avery nodded.

"I wish we didn't have to keep it..." she meekly responded. She wiped her own tears and then shook her body slightly, moving herself towards the fridge and away from her father. "So, are you planning on keeping this whole thing between us going or are you going to break it off because of your dream last night?" She turned around to look at him suddenly a mild glare spreading across her face as she quickly unscrewed the top of a bottle of water.

"I'm not breaking anything off. I love you, Avery. You know that, and I suppose your mother knows, too. I'm not ashamed either!" He said taking a few steps in her direction, holding out his hands as if trying to plead for her to believe him. Avery sighed once again, taking a deep breath in, her enlarged stomach protruding then shrinking back.

"I just...it's hard for me, too," Avery said giving Harry a casual look as she leaned against the refrigerator. "I know its wrong, that's why for so long I have tried my best to keep my eyes averted from you and I've forced myself not to let you touch me." She took a sip from the bottle, feeling the cool sliding down her throat, and closed her eyes. When she opened them, she saw a pair of emerald eyes staring back at her own. Harry's breath was light as he leaned his head towards her and grazed her lips with his own, resting a hand on her stomach and rubbing it gently. Avery smiled onto her father's lips and when he broke away, she wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing herself up against the one man she ever loved.

"I love you," Harry whispered, rubbing the small of her back and swaying from side to side. Avery had closed her eyes, but she smiled nonetheless.

"I love you, too, Dad," she responded gently, allowing her body to be freely swayed. She made the bottle float over to the counter so that she could fully embrace Harry. They stood there for a few moments simply in each other's arms before Harry pulled away, kissing her nose.

"I have to go to work. Hermione will be coming over and helping take care of you. I think she said Maria was coming with her, too, so you won't be alone. If you need me for anything, you know where to find me," he smiled.

"Alright, I'm sure I'll be fine, but...okay," Avery giggled a bit. Harry kissed her cheek then he flashed a smile in her direction, then stood there for a moment in silence. She turned her head to look at where she had thrown the letter from Riley. She walked back over to it and picked it up, feeling obligated to finish reading it.

-d with kids! I bet your dad will be really proud of you! I'm glad he's not mad that you're pregnant! My dad wasn't so happy when he heard, but oh well! At least I lost my virginity to the beautiful love of my life. And now we can start a family! I'm so happy! I already have a few ideas of where we can live. I was hoping to build our own home. I'll do it however you want it! I'd do anything for you! I love you...hope

you are well! I should be stopping by sometime today to check up on you.

With all my love, your one and only—

Riley

When Avery had finished the letter, she felt sick to her stomach. Why had he mentioned the future? There wasn't one! And why did he have to stop by? Avery spoke aloud, "And I'm NOT your one and only..." She crumpled the paper and with magic, turned the ball to fire and watched it flame and vanish before leaving the room.

"But he's so cute, Avery! How can you not think he's cute?" Maria exclaimed nearly jumping off the couch from excitement watching the muggle television in front of them.

"Look, I'm not saying that Jude Law isn't exceptionally gorgeous, I'm just saying I don't fancy him that way..." she giggled sitting opposite of Maria on the couch, while Hermione was in the kitchen making dinner the muggle way.

"MUM!" Maria called out. "Don't you think Jude Law is a right spot sexy?!"

"Any witch or muggle woman who fancies men would be out of her mind not to think him a trifle appetizing. But don't you DARE go off telling your father all this nonsense," she giggled coming into the room carrying two plates full of salad and bread.

"Oh, thank you Mrs. Weasley," Avery said taking the plate in her lap after taking the plate for Maria and handing it to her.

"Oh I'll TELL dad for sure!" Maria teased taking a sample of bread from her plate. Hermione shot her a playful evil look before darting back towards the kitchen as the muggle movie "The Holiday" continued playing on the screen.

“I’m home!” Harry called out when he walked through the door. He heard a commotion in the living area, and so made his way in there to see his daughter along with Hermione and Maria laughing on the couch.

“Oh! Harry!” Hermione squealed hardly able to breathe. “We were just talking about you!”

“Good things, I hope,” Harry said smiling and looking at the three women a bit apprehensively.

“Oh yes!” Avery piped up. “We were just talking about you and your mischievousness in school.”

Harry could watch her laugh and smile like that for all time. His lips curved upwards. “Is that so?” He cocked a brow.

“Mm hmm!” Avery chortled under her breath. Harry continued to watch his daughter and felt a bliss surrounding him like a blanket. She was the one.

“Well, since your home, I can go home and tell my dad how much mum is in love with Jude Law!” Maria said giddily standing up and dashing towards the door. “See you Av!”

“Bye Maria!”

“Maria, don’t you DARE!” Hermione yelled smiling. “Alright, Harry...she’s all yours.” Hermione leaned in and kissed Harry on the cheek and then followed her daughter out the door.

“I’m all yours,” Avery said smiling up at her father innocently. Harry waved his hand and suddenly all the lights went dim and candles appeared lit out of nowhere. He felt his face in a neutral concentration, focusing upon his pearl. He slid off his suit jacket and laid it gently on the arm rest of the couch before unbuttoning his shirt and removing it, exposing his dark skin complexion. He reached down and helped his daughter stand. He gazed into her eyes, watching the interest and

desire gathering inside them, then sat down on the couch and patted his thighs, motioning for her to come and straddle him. She did so.

She put a leg on either side of his and sat there waiting for him to make the move. He reached out and brushed his fingertips along her jaw-line, hardly pulling her forwards, but yet her face came towards his. He felt his heart thumping inside of his chest when her lips pressed upon him. It felt like the first time their lips had met. He slowly ran his hands up and down her back, casually fingering the dark locks running down her spine.

Harry moaned quietly receiving tiny murmurs in return, and felt himself becoming stiff. The pleasure of such a simple act was incredible. By the time he had skillfully removed his daughter's shirt and bra, he placed his hands on her breasts and began massaging them in his palms. They felt so supple under his touch.

"Mm...daddy...."

"Oh, fuck baby..." Harry moaned as his daughter began running her tongue roughly against his. He felt himself needing to release, and slowly ran his hands all along his own body as well as Avery's, suddenly exposing their naked bodies where their clothes had previously hidden their treasures.

"May I?" Harry whispered running his face against his daughter's.

"Yes, please..." she begged, running her hands along his scalp, giving Harry's shiver's down his spine.

Harry positioned himself and lifted his daughter by the waist and slowly allowed for her glistening cave to cover the tip of his cock. He felt her tense but then she nodded and he slid her all the way down his shaft. She moaned out loudly.

"Oh, GOD HARRY!" Her quick intake of breath made Harry's cock twitch inside her.

"Oh, Av..." Harry held his daughter's waist and slowly slid her slender body up and down as she bit the bottom corner of her lip. Harry

continued his slow thrusts, with staggered breathing and short intakes of breath from he and his spawn. There was no need for fast love-making when the slow was ten times more erotic. Each time his cock lightly poked the back wall of his daughter's quim, she moaned.

"Mmm..." she sighed as Harry felt himself close to shooting out his seed up inside her.

"Avery, baby...I'm going to come..."

"Yes...come daddy...come inside me..." she leaned down and whispered in his ear. She ran her tongue along his earlobe, whispering dirty things and sure enough, Harry felt his cock release semen inside of her. She whined in pleasure at the feeling and Harry felt himself sigh heavily and moan. He could feel his daughter's clit moistening his hard cock as she came onto him. She had laid her head down onto his shoulder and bitten it slightly when he had came inside her, and now she picked her head up and smiled at him looking slightly tired. He knew it wore her out, but her smile was begging for another round.

"Not tonight, Av..." Harry said smirking at her before moving a strand of hair behind her ear.

"C'mon...you can't come twice for your own daughter?" Her voice trembled inside his eardrum making him to want to shag her twice, but he knew better.

"Avery...you know I would, but I had a long day and I don't want to overwork you."

"Overwork me? Rubbish..." she crooned the inside of his neck. Harry twitched.

"Av, stop it..."

"You like it..."

"Yes I do," Harry panted, struggling to gently pull his neck away from her lips, smiling all the same. "That's why you have to stop." Harry

was about to grab her and smother her in kisses when he heard a knock at the door. He looked up at Avery, who stared questioningly back at him.

“Who could—” she began looking at the door.

“Not sure...hop off pumpkin.” Harry helped his daughter off of him and he grabbed his boxers from off of the floor and threw them on while telling Avery to cover herself incase the guest would be coming in. When Harry opened the door, he could have cursed the cause for disruption.

“Hi Mr. Potter,” Riley said casually. “I was just stopping by to see Avery.”

“Now’s not a good time,” Harry said rather sternly.

“Well uh...” Riley began before looking down at Harry’s abdominal region. He looked down and suddenly realized he still had a hard-on. All heat went into Harry’s cheeks, but before he could make it look completely obvious, he quickly lied on his feet.

“I’m in the middle of something here if you can’t tell. Man things...you should know, you’re a young lad.”

“Err...right. Well, I don’t mind, I mean, I would prefer not to intrude on your self-pleasuring, but I don’t see how this has to do with Avery, sir.”

“Cut the ‘sir’ bullocks and go home. She’s asleep.”

“Dad, who is it?” Avery groaned from the next room. Harry wanted to just slam the door on Riley’s face.

“She’s asleep is she?” Riley asked defensively.

“Well she was until your pesky arse came roaming on over on its own accord. Now just go home. This is my house and I don’t want you here tonight.” With that, Harry shut the door rather hard, cursing under his breath.

"Well, who was it?" Avery asked now sitting up covered in a blanket.

"It was your...it was Riley," Harry said in a deep voice bending over to pick up his things. "I'm going to bed. Do you want help going upstairs?"

"No I'll be fine," she responded obviously noticing the anger in Harry's voice. "I'm coming up with you anyway..."

"Fine." Harry helped her to stand and allowed for her to go up the stairs first. He followed behind her at a short distance to ensure a safe trip up. She walked into the bedroom and changed into her night clothes, Harry simply threw his clothes into the laundry basket and got into bed a bit fiercely.

"Are you alright dad?" Avery asked slowly climbing in next to him.

"I'm just frustrated..."

"Do you want to talk about—"

"I'd rather not," he interrupted her. He looked at her hurt face. "I'm sorry...I didn't mean to cut you off. I just...I don't want to deal with this tonight."

"Alright..." she said meekly, leaning over and placing a sweet kiss on his lips. "Goodnight, then, dad. I love you." She turned back over on her left side, facing the window to the backyard. Harry waited a few minutes before waving the light out and turning over. He wrapped his right arm around his daughter and held her close to him, wanting to just disappear from the outside world. Within a few minutes of Avery's falling asleep, Harry's breath, too, slowed and eased and he was soon swimming away from his realities.

A/N: Hopefully that's a good long chapter for you! Like I said I need 30 REVIEWS OR MORE in order for the next update to occur!!! So please please PLEASE REVIEW!!! Not just for my sake but for your OWN! If you really like or love this story, you will take the necessary

actions in order to fulfill your fanfiction DREAMS! hehe. Alright, until next time...(30 30 30 30 30 REVIEWS!!!!)

Chapter 23: No More Lies

A few weeks had passed and soon, Avery was in her seventh month. Her stomach was getting extremely large, and her body was taking on a motherly figure. She had written Riley back saying that she needed to talk with him, but made the appointment a few weeks after receiving his letter so that she would have time to prepare for what she was going to divulge to him.

She had dressed comfortably, throwing on a pair of her favorite tennis shoes, a pair of maternity jeans that Harry had bought for her, and a black t-shirt that said "Magic isn't everything..." She told Riley in the letter that she would meet him at a local coffee shop in town, so that he wouldn't make a scene, and more or less for her own protection. She had purposely failed to mention the meeting to Harry because she knew he would be overprotective and assume she would not be able to handle any unfortunate spell that Riley might try and send her way, but Avery knew that being in the presence of muggles would prevent any such thing from happening.

Avery had decided to have Hermione and Maria drop her off and asked them to stay nearby and make sure that nothing would go out of control. She stepped out of the Weasley's car, and crossed the street to the North side and entered into Catherine's Coffee House.

The smell of mocha filled her nostrils and she found herself closing her eyes almost tasting the coffee on her tongue. She opened her emerald orbs to see Riley in the back corner, waving. She smiled politely at him and made her way over to the table.

"Hi," she said weakly, taking a seat. He sat after her out of courtesy.

"You look stunning," he said eyeing her.

"Oh, stuff it...I'm just in everyday clothes..." She felt herself go a bit pink from the comment, and suddenly found her palms a bit sticky with perspiration.

“You always look beautiful to me, my future wife...” He winked, leaving Avery with an unpleasant feeling in her gut. Avery leaned forward and took Riley’s hands in hers. She looked into his eyes with a serious face.

“Riley...” she began, but then she did not remember what she had rehearsed. She could see the sudden shift in his facial expression go from giddy to confused and somewhat suspicious.

“Yes?” His face was contorted into curiosity mixed with nervousness.

“I...” Avery cleared her throat. “We can’t be together.” She watched his face remain calm and when he opened his mouth to speak, she cut him off. “Before you go and say anything, I just want you to know that this is not about you. It’s about me, and how I’ve been dishonest with you. I’m sorry I lied to you about everything and I don’t expect your forgiveness nor do I expect you to understand where I’m coming from.”

Riley had pulled his hands away and anger had spread through his face, down his neck, shoulders, and arms, all the way to his fingertips.

“What do you mean you were dishonest?” His voice had taken on a tone Avery was not used to. It was authoritative, and it made Avery feel extremely vulnerable.

“I lied to you about a lot of things, and I’m not proud of it, but at the time, it seemed like the only way to—”

“To what?” He spat under his breath. His voice had a definite edge. “Get through it or deal with it? The truth is always the best way to go about things, Av. I thought you knew that.” His voice grew more disappointed by the minute.

“Look, Riley, I’ve been in love with someone else since the day I started dating you, and long before that. And what’s worse is I lied to you about the baby...” She took a breath and watched his eyes change to threatening.

“What in Merlin’s name do you mean you lied about the baby?” His voice was dangerous.

“The baby’s not yours.”

The silence that filled the air after Avery had spoken was so tense that Avery felt as though her throat would stiffen and she would suffocate just sitting there. Riley’s eyes became a raging bulls and Avery’s heart started to race.

“The baby’s...not...mine?” His suppressed anger was worse than his usual outbursts. It frightened Avery, but either way, she shook her head, ‘no.’

“I can’t believe this...so you tricked me into thinking that you actually fancied me enough to sleep with me, you deceived me when you said that you enjoyed the sex, you lied about me taking away your virginity, and you went as far as making up a story that said the baby inside you was mine when it was really someone else’s?” Riley said, glaring into Avery’s eyes with warning. She suddenly felt very brave and straightened her back.

“Yes, I did. And it was all to protect the one and only man I have ever loved in my entire life.”

“Oh yeah...and who’s that?”

Avery paused before revealing the name. No more lies, she thought.

“My father.” She watched Riley’s eyes go from raging mad to pure shock and disgust.

“Your...father! You mean...HARRY?!?!”

Avery nodded.

“You fucking DISGUSTING CUNT!” Riley screamed and smacked Avery right across her right cheek. The pain seared through it and she could feel the heat gaining, most likely leaving a red hand print on her face. Anger suddenly rose within her.

“You FOUL BOY!” She brought her face back to face him, but he had slapped his hand across her other cheek.

“JUST WAIT UNTIL THE MINISTRY HEARS! YOUR FATHER WILL HAVE HIS AUTHORITY EVOKED AND HE WILL BE SLAUGHTERED BY THE MINISTRY MEMBERS!” She felt the tears coming on, and could not stop them. They were tears from the pain of the slaps and the pain of thinking about losing her father. She picked up her head and reached for her wand before a figure appeared out of no where and grabbed Riley by the collar, pulled him out of the booth and shoved him with one hand against the wall.

“HOW DARE YOU TOUCH MY DAUGHTER LIKE THAT YOU BLOODY RAT?!?” Harry spat and brought the hand holding his wand to Riley’s throat. He whispered just enough so that Avery could hear. She noticed that all the muggles inside the shop had been frozen.

“If you ever touch my daughter the way you just did, you will lose both of your hands and I will personally deliver the punishment. You will never love her like I do. I am the father of her child. I took her virginity, and she enjoyed my cock, not yours. She confessed to me that she pictured me when she was getting shagged by you because she couldn’t bear the thought of herself under you. She loathes you, Riley, and everything about you. I’m the one she wants and loves. I’m the one she needs. And so help me, if you EVER come near my daughter again, I will kill you...and I will NOT regret it. Do I make myself clear?” Harry pressed his wand into Riley’s throat, and Riley nodded slowly. Avery could see the anger and envy in his eyes.

Harry let him go, and Riley fell to the floor. Riley stood up quickly and dashed outside the shop before Harry turned to Avery. She had tears in her eyes.

“Are you alright?” Harry asked quietly, helping his daughter to stand. Avery felt her stomach clench. It must be the baby. She put a hand on her stomach, letting her father assist her.

“I’m fine.”

When they walked out of the shop, they saw Hermione and Maria sitting in the car across the street. Both of them had worried looks on their faces, but Harry motioned for them to leave. Avery felt her father's hand tighten around hers as they walked and soon she felt herself being tugged backwards by the belly-button into darkness.

A/N: Well? Did it leave you wanting more??? Well, if you're not hopping out of your chair or pulling your hair going 'WHATS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT!!??!?!' then you don't really give a damn...lol. Just joking with you! But that IS the general IDEA...to make you want more and then me not give it to you...and YES, any of you that love theatre, i DID steal that from Gypsy (it's a FABULOUS musical...LOVE IT!!) Anyway, I'm in the process of writing chapter 24 so I'm hoping to put it up SOON. I'd like to see anywhere from 15-20 reviews for this chapter OR MORE!

I NEED REVIEWS!!! I'm setting a personal goal to be the author on fanfiction with the MOST REVEIWS, so if you LOVE THIS STORY, HELP ME OUT!! I'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT!!! THANKS A TON!

I LOVE ALL YOU FANS OUT THERE!!!

GO HARRY/AVERY!!!!

Chapter 24: Cravings and Pains

Avery felt her feet hit the solid floor of her own living room, but before anything could cross her mind, she heard her father's voice.

"Why did you disobey me?" He was facing away from her and speaking sternly.

"I knew that you would get angry if you knew that I was going to break it off with him!" She felt herself exclaim. "I knew that you would be overprotective and—"

"I'M OVERPROTECTIVE BECAUSE I CARE ABOUT YOU, AVERY!" Harry yelled. Avery was shocked at her father's tone.

"Don't you dare yell at me, Harry..." She frowned.

"Well, god dammit, Avery...he fucking slapped you! How do you expect me to react? I knew that he would hurt you in some way if he found out, and I was trying to fucking prevent that. Look, just because we're lovers now, doesn't change the fact that you're my daughter. You need to obey me."

Avery knew this but didn't want to admit it.

"Well, I told him it was you..." she said meekly. Harry turned to face her.

"You're lucky that I can do Legilimency. I already took his memory from when you told him you couldn't be together. He won't remember why, so you'll have to lie and explain something to him later."

Avery smiled, loving that her father was so talented.

"I'm sorry that I lied to you," Avery said looking down at her feet, feeling genuinely guilty. She heard two feet approaching her, and saw her father's feet standing in front of her own. She felt two hands touch her cheeks and bring her face up to see her father's. His eyes were extremely green and his face was serious.

When he kissed her, she felt all the troubles of the day wasting away behind her. His lips slid over hers easily and softly. She opened her mouth wider to accept his, and as soon as she felt herself getting slightly dizzy from the passion, her father pulled away. Avery was disappointed but her father's smile reassured her that she would get more kisses later.

"I didn't mean to yell at you, Avery... I just...I don't know what I'd do if you got hurt," Harry whispered, kissing her hand. "I love you, baby girl..." She felt his lips lingering on the upside of her hand and smiled. She snuggled close to him, and pulled his ear close.

"And I love you, daddy..."

The next two months had flown right before Avery's eyes and soon she found herself safely enclosed in the walls of Hogwarts, once again. It was hard for her to believe that she was in her final year at school. She had begged Harry to let her stay at home until the baby arrived, but Harry protested. He claimed that getting behind at Hogwarts was one of the worst things that could ever happen to her, and had told her it was vital to not miss a minute of it. He insisted that she sleep in a special bed in the hospital wing so that when she went into labor, she would address Headmistress McGonagall, who would then inform Harry immediately.

The summer break with Harry had been short-lived but amazing nonetheless. She had made love, cuddled, played, and shared moments with her father that she had only ever dreamed of before. Her father had worked mostly, but had spent his time off with her, pampering her and making extra trips to the stores and muggle fast-food places to get midnight cravings for her. She missed him already, but knew that once she finished this year she would spend the rest of her life with him, and she couldn't wait for that.

Avery was already a couple weeks into the school-year, and had already faced one distinguishingly difficult N.E.W.T entry exam, and school stress was not the only issue Avery had to conquer now that

she was a seventh year. Avery found herself fussing over her now gigantic stomach because it was causing so many difficulties. She had a personalized desk for each of her classes so that she would fit, the pain in her back was growing to be almost unbearable, and her cravings were becoming much more often. She felt bad having to call a house-elf every couple of hours to bring her some snacks, but she couldn't help herself.

On a rainy Thursday evening, Avery was sitting up with Maria working on some assignment called "Why I Would Make a Good Auror," and getting more distracted by the minute with a desire for some lemon cakes. She had barely written a paragraph when she looked up to see that Maria was already starting her second page.

"Maria, this is outrageous. I can't even focus because I'm so hungry! I've barely written four lines and you've already got a whole page done!"

"You just ate, Av! Merlin, if you keep this snacking business up, the baby's going to be too big to push out!"

Avery clucked her tongue on her upper mouth and furrowed her brows at Maria, who had snapped her fingers so that Avery's now somewhat personal house-elf, Liggy, would come to bring her something to eat.

"Liggy brings you some lemon cakes and a glass of milk, Miss" the tiny elf said holding up a platter and a glass that was $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Avery took it graciously, put them on the table, patted the house elf and thanked her. Liggy disappeared with a snap of her fingers, and Avery turned to grab one of the three yellow lemon cakes that were sitting in front of her and took a huge bite.

"Would you mind if I had one?" Maria chortled. Avery could feel the crumbs running down her chin, but she didn't care.

"Shur..go 'head...I on't cur," she mumbled through a stuffed mouth. Maria laughed and once Avery swallowed, she did as well. The girls stayed up and finished what they could of their essays and then decided it was best if they went to bed. It was nearly eleven and

Avery had been pretty good about getting to bed before midnight every night in order to get proper rest for herself and the baby.

She made it up to her dormitory in the hospital wing with Maria supporting her up the stairs. She hugged Maria, said goodnight, and walked into her tiny room that composed of a bed, a small bathroom, and a little area to eat if desired. Avery lit a few candles and undressed. She grabbed her large pink maternity shirt that Harry had bought for her. It had little teddy bears on it and fell just past Avery's knees. She sat down carefully and lay on her side, then brought each of her legs up onto the bed and under the covers. She adjusted herself so that she was comfortable with a pillow in between her knees, then turned to the light of the candles and blew lightly and watched the light fade from the room, as the candle smoke filled her nostrils before falling fast asleep.

It was the middle of the night and Avery had turned onto her back, with the sheets and blankets covering only her right leg. Her left foot was hanging off the edge of the bed, her arms were spread out, and she was perspiring. There was sweat on her forehead, and her breathing had become rigid. She awoke and felt that her mouth had become rather dry. She reached over to the side-table to help herself sit up, and reached for a glass of water she had on the night-stand, but when she moved, a sharp pain in her lower left back left her in agony.

"OW!" She yelped. She retreated her hand and sat straight again. The pain ceased and she inhaled a few breaths before trying to reach for the glass again, but she had barely moved an inch when the pain shot through again, this time in the middle of her lower back.

"OH, MERLIN!" She nursed her lower back with her hands, trying to make the pain go away, but it kept coming, more rapidly. Oh God, she thought, maybe something's wrong. She grabbed onto the side table, the pain continually coursing through her back. She cringed as she slowly stood and made her way to the nurse's office. She flipped on the light-switch and called for Poppy.

"Madam Pomfrey...I'm having some back pain," Avery said aloud, holding onto the doorframe with her left hand, and rubbing her lower

back with her right. The little nurse awoke sleepily and reached for a pair of glasses, getting out of bed rather quickly for an elderly witch.

“Lay down, here, dear and let me check to make sure everything’s alright,” Poppy said, assisting Avery into the bed. Avery lay down and as soon as she did, the pain ceased.

“Oh, that feels much better...maybe my back was in a bad position while I was sleeping or something?” Avery said watching Madam Pomfrey scuttle momentarily around the room grabbing a few bottles and her wand.

“Nevertheless, I need to make sure you’re alright.”

Avery lay still as the nurse examined her, rubbing her stomach all the while, when all of a sudden, Avery felt a sharp pain in her abdomen.

“OW! MERLIN!” Avery gasped. Poppy readjusted her glasses in the middle of examining the young witch and looked up quickly.

“What hurts dear?”

“My stomach...I just felt a sharp pain down in my abdomen...” Avery sighed heavily. The elderly witch repositioned her wand on Avery’s body. It took Poppy only five minutes to clarify the circumstances.

“Well, am I alright?” Avery asked, still breathing rather hard and holding her hands in place on her belly.

“Miss Potter,” the nurse smiled, “I believe your water has just broken.”
A/N: Well, all my hopes in the world are placed on that I get over twenty reviews soon!!! PLEASE PLEASE REVIEW!!! No one understands how much an author feels appreciated after reading just a simple review that says 'love it.' Take the three seconds out of your life and make someone's day!!! and this time I really WONT be posting until i have 15 reviews or more!!! so REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW!!!!

Chapter 25: St. Mungo's

"What do you mean? You mean...it's...I'm..."

"Yes dear, you're going into labor," Madam Pomfrey said seriously. "Now, I have to report to the headmistress. Lay right there, I'll be right back." The little nurse scuttled out of the room as Avery began feeling more and more pain in her stomach. She could definitely feel the effects taking over her body. She felt herself breathing harder and she felt hot. Poppy was back instantly and brought with her a glass of ice and some water.

"Here, drink this and suck on some of these," she said holding out the two glasses. "The headmistress is on her way."

Avery gulped down some of the water then plopped an ice cube in her mouth. It was cold, but somehow, it helped redirect her mind away from her pains...but Harry suddenly came to mind. She was about to have her baby...her father's baby...their baby.

"Miss Potter," McGonagall said aloud. "I've just informed your father and he is to meet us at St. Mungo's. We will transport you in this bed via apparation. It's the safest and most convenient way to get you there, so just hang in there. Professor Snape will be coming along as well to ensure a safe travel." Avery nodded and sucked more fervently on the ice cube.

When they had apparated to the hospital, Snape had charmed the bed to have wheels, like a hospital bed. Poppy pushed her on the bed and McGonagall talked to the witch at the front desk.

"Yes, I'm here because Miss Potter is in labor..." Avery overheard her say quite formally.

"Dr. Flettingdale is on his way right now, so if you'll just step over there, thank you," the young witch said indicating to a corner in the waiting area. Avery was wheeled around to the corner when the doctor showed up almost in the next instant.

“Hey there, sweetheart, how are you feeling?” The doctor asked Avery. She looked up at him and shrugged.

“Well my name is Richard Fletingdale and I’m going to be delivering your baby today,” he said holding out his hand to shake. Avery rested the cup she had for ice by her side and took his hand and shook it, smiling weakly. He began walking quickly in the opposite direction down a corridor, and motioned for Poppy, Snape, McGonagall and herself to follow him. Poppy pushed her into the room in which the doctor entered, and she positioned the bed properly, facing the entire room.

“I’ll send the nurse in, momentarily,” Dr. Fletingdale said. He smiled at everyone and then left. No sooner had he gone did a middle-aged witch enter the room.

“Hello, dear,” she said politely to Avery. “I’m Nora Benson and I’ll be taking care of you until Richard is needed for your delivery, alright?” Avery nodded, suddenly feeling very afraid. Where is Harry?

“And you are?” The nurse asked motioning toward the others.

“I am Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress at Hogwarts and this is the school nurse, Madam Pomfrey, and my advisor, Severus Snape.”

“Oh, pleasure to meet you all. I’m going to ask you three to step outside so that I can carry on with my procedures in order to get this young girl ready. Where are the parents?”

“Her father is to arrive shortly,” Snape said sternly, taking a step closer to the nurse and whispering in her ear, “and I highly suggest you take very good care of her since she is the daughter of the Minister for Magic, Harry Potter.”

With that, Snape, McGonagall, and Poppy left Avery alone in the room with the nurse. The nurse turned to Avery and blushed.

“Oh, my! I had NO idea that your father was...Harry Potter.” She relished the words on her tongue and made a dreamy face, blushing even more.

"Yes he is," Avery said growing suddenly angry seeing the dreamy look on the nurse's face. "Are you going to be able to even do your job with him in here or will he be too much of a distraction for you?" Avery bit. The nurse turned to her and scowled.

"You have NO right asking that sort of question, young lady!"

"Don't treat me as though you're my mother!" Avery spat. The nurse turned red with anger.

"Well now that you've gotten all upset, it is going to delay me being able to take your blood pressure," the nurse hissed. Avery took another ice cube in her mouth and crossed her arms.

"Well that's not my fault...it seems to me that if you would have done your job correctly, you would have already proceeded to do your tasks in a professional manner, without getting flustered about my father. So, if it's not too much trouble, I'd like to request a different nurse." The nurse looked a rage and stormed out of the room. A few minutes later, the Headmistress, Snape, and Poppy entered the room.

"What was all that about?" Snape asked looking angry.

"She got all disconcerted about my father and I figured she wouldn't be able to do her job properly if she was getting all goggled about him, so I requested a new nurse. I don't want something to go wrong, you know..." Avery said smartly.

"I see," Snape drawled, looking the least bit entertained. "Well, I'll have to fetch the doctor then...please Minerva, Poppy, would you mind?"

Poppy and McGonagall nodded and came forward and stood next to Avery. Madam Pomfrey was rubbing her forehead as McGonagall refilled Avery's ice with a flick of her finger.

"Are you feeling alright dear? Anymore pains?" Poppy asked.

"They come and go. But I suppose that's how it is?" Avery said looking up at the graying witch. Madam Pomfrey nodded and Dr. Fletingdale entered with Snape following.

"I apologize for Nurse Benson's behavior," the Doctor said professionally. "I will be sending in another one of our best nurses, and it is highly suggested that you keep your temper down so that your blood pressure will be more accurate. You still feeling alright, pumpkin?"

"Yes, sir," Avery said smiling at him and nodding.

"Alright, I'll be back in a little while...press that red button next to you if you need me." He turned and left the room once more and another witch entered.

"Hello everyone, I'm Kiera Banks, R.N. for Doctor Fletingdale," the nurse said shaking Poppy, McGonagall, and Snape's hand, then turning to Avery. "And this must be..." she looked on her clipboard, "Avery Virginia Potter, daughter of Harry James Potter and Virginia Molly Potter, is that correct?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Alright, well it's nice to meet you, dear," the nurse said finally shaking Avery's hand. "I'm going to take your blood pressure, and if you three could step outside it'd be most appreciated," she said to the three adults in the room.

"Clearly..." Snape muttered on his way out.

"So, how old are you, Avery?" The nurse asked using her wand to fasten the blood pressure device on Avery's arm.

"I'm..." Avery paused, suddenly embarrassed. "I'm seventeen, ma'am." The nurse didn't seem to think it a big deal whatsoever, and continued asking familiarizing questions, making Avery feel more comfortable.

"When's your birthday?"

"I turned seventeen this past April. My dad threw me a big party and some friends of ours came over and it was a really fun time," Avery said, trying to relax for the blood pressure device. The nurse unfastened it before she could even think about relaxing and smiled.

"Well, your blood pressure is very good 186 over 30. Now I just have to ask you a few questions regarding the past nine months, so just answer as accurately as possible." The nurse grabbed a quill and sat down next to Avery on a chair.

"Have you been taking any medications?"

"No."

"Have you used any negative substances, such as alcohol, drugs, or cigarettes?"

"No."

"Good, good...have you been under high stress?"

"Somewhat."

"Have you had any abnormal pains or trouble sleeping?"

"I've slept fine and the only pain I've had is in my lower back once in a while. It has happened more frequently in the last month or so," Avery said.

"Ok, and have you slept with anyone besides the father of your child since you have gotten pregnant?"

Avery thought of Riley in the beginning when Harry had told her to sleep with him to make him think the child was his. She shivered.

"Y-yes," she said timidly.

"How many times?"

“Just once?”

“And when was this?”

“It was around the third week,” Avery replied. “Err...why exactly do you have to know that?”

Nurse Banks smiled and answered, “It’s just procedure so that we know to check for any diseases or illnesses that may have been transferred to you or the child, IF the child or you are to be sick at all during the delivery or after.”

“Oh, I see,” Avery said, still feeling weary.

“Alright, and when was the last time you had sexual intercourse?”

Avery suddenly flushed and thought of Harry. She couldn’t even speak she was suddenly so nervous and embarrassed.

“Um, it was...err...” Avery stuttered. The nurse looked up at her with a raised eyebrow.

“Do you remember, dear?”

“Yes, it was...um...it was about a month ago.”

“Oh, good! The more recent, the easier the birth will be on your body,” the nurse smiled.

“Really?” Avery asked. The nurse smiled and nodded.

“Now, I’m going to attach you to some liquid,” the nurse said holding Avery’s hand in hers.

“Ow!” Avery gasped, looking down at the I.V.

“Now let’s check on your contractions...” The nurse hooked Avery up to a machine and viewed the green bars going up and down in a slow rhythm. “You’re not very dilated yet, so I’m afraid this is only the beginning stage of your labor. Now, if you need anything, just press

that red button next to you. I'm going to go turn in this file and make a copy. I'll be right back. I'll send in your accompanied headmistress, nurse, and professor."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you," Avery replied as the nurse smiled and left the room, shutting the door behind her. Avery's stomach pains had increased somewhat but they weren't unbearable. She finished gnawing on her ice cube when the door opened slightly. Her eyes lit up, as did her smile when she saw Harry standing in the doorway.

A/N: Soooo? Whatdya think? I LIKE IT...nice cliffhanger for me to TORTURE you all with (evil laugh) haha. No, i really do like leaving you all on a cliffie because then it inspires YOU to review, which then inspires ME to write more...see, i got it all on a system...haha. anyway, just wanted to say that i had my opening night for my play "The Arabian Nights" tonight and it was FANTASTIC...but of course, being a theatre major would make me all excited about it. anyway, if there's anyone out there that love theatre, you're TOTALLY sweet! Oh right...this is fanfiction, not theatrefiction haha..riiiight. THANKS FOR READING!!!! PLZ REVIEW:D love all you fans out there!!!

Chapter 26: Pushing Forward

"Hey there, my beautiful bird!" Harry said smiling and rushing over to his daughter's bed. He wrapped his arms around her, gently, feeling the warmth rise inside him at the touch of her arms wrapping around his neck. He kissed her forehead and pulled back to see her smiling face.

"God, you're gorgeous," he whispered staring at his daughter's flawless face, noticing the blush rising in her cheeks which made her that much more adorable.

"And you're handsome," she giggled. "I've missed you!" she said, and he felt himself being pulled into an embrace again...something he'd NEVER object to.

"I have a little something for you," Harry said pulling back and looking into his daughter's eyes.

"Really what is it?" Avery asked. Harry pulled out from his pocket a miniscule object and placed it in Avery's hands. He ran his hand just above hers and suddenly the object began to grow, and the bigger it got, Avery could see it was a teddy bear that said "I love you, Avery" and out from behind him, he pulled a balloon that said "Congratulations on your new baby!!!" He looked down at his daughter and she was smiling with every muscle in her face.

"It's all lovely, dad, really it is."

"I thought you'd like it," Harry smiled, taking the teddy and placing it next to his daughter on the bed. He took a moment to look at her with a serious face. He could swear that he had never seen any woman more beautiful than his own flesh and blood. Before he could stop himself he had grabbed Avery's face and began kissing it passionately. Her lips trembled under his and he ran his hand along her shoulder and neck, bringing her mouth further onto his. When he heard the door, as quick as lightning, he pulled away from her and ran his hand through his hair, suddenly flushing himself. It was the nurse.

“Ah! And you must be the father, I presume?” The witch inquired politely.

“Yes,” Harry cleared his throat, “I am.”

“Good. Now, will you or the father be holding onto her hand when she’s giving birth?”

“The father, that’s me.” Harry suddenly got wide-eyed at his response and looked at his suddenly awe-struck daughter. “I mean I’m HER father, not the baby’s...but I am going to be in here because the father, err, can’t be...” Harry suddenly felt his palms going rather sticky. “Will you excuse me, I think I need some water.” He smiled at Avery and walked out of the room.

“Everything alright, Harry?” Minerva asked looking up at him. “You look a bit pale.” Poppy looked up to look at Harry from her magazine, and Snape watched him as he stood against the wall.

“Do I?” He asked, feeling his voice crack. “Well, I need something to, err, drink.”

“Tea?” Snape asked nonchalantly holding out his cup.

“Sure,” Harry said and gulped it down in three swigs.

“I can understand you being nervous and all,” Poppy said smiling up at him “...her being so young and everything; and to think...no one even knows the father.” Harry felt himself unable to swallow.

“Mr. Potter?” Nurse Banks called interrupting Harry’s thoughts, “your daughter is having some stressful contractions and she wishes you to come in and hold her hand.”

“Yes, right away,” Harry said shoving the tea cup back into Snape’s hands. He rushed into the room and over to his daughter’s side.

“Hi there, doll, you alright?” He asked watching his Avery breathing heavy and fast.

"Yeah...fine...just...hold...my...hand," she replied between gasps. Harry took her hand when suddenly he felt like all the life would be sucked out of it.

"AHHH!" Avery screamed.

"Ok, you're doing well, just hang in there, it's almost over," the nurse said, watching the monitor and scribbling away on her clipboard.

"C'mon, baby...that's it!" Harry reassured her without letting her know she was killing his hand. Suddenly, Avery's grip loosened and she sighed.

"There, you did it, baby girl," Harry said kissing her somewhat damp forehead.

"Only because you're here," she said smiling up at him. The nurse recorded a few more things and then told them she would be back momentarily. Once she left the room, Avery started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Harry asked cocking a brow.

"It's just..." she giggled some more, "you're a horrible liar!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, it was just obvious that you were trying to cover up the whole 'I'm HER father, not the baby's' thing..." Avery chortled and almost instantly went into a cry of pain.

"AGGGH!" She yelped, grabbing Harry's hand. Once again, he felt like one of his veins would pop, but he continued cheering his daughter on.

"C'mon, Avery! You can do it! Daddy's right here!" She moaned and squealed and Harry noticed the lines going even faster on the monitor. He remembered from when he held Ginny's hand that this meant the baby would be coming soon.

“OWWWWIE!” She sighed in aggravation. Harry held onto her hand tightly until she let go a little. “I think the baby’s coming,” she breathed heavily.

“I think so, too,” Harry replied. “Maybe you should hit the red button?”

Avery leaned over and pressed it, and almost two seconds later, Nurse Banks and Dr. Flettingdale arrived.

“Is it about time?” the Doctor asked, walking over and placing his stethoscope in his ears and listening to Avery’s stomach.

“I think so,” Avery whined.

“Mm...I think you’re right,” the Doctor smiled at her. “Now I’m going to check your dilation and see where we are.”

“Okay,” Avery sighed. Harry felt as though he was replaying the moment when the woman about to give birth was being born. He recalled the day when Ginny went into labor, and holding Avery for the first time. It had been one of the happiest days in his life, and now his baby girl was about to give birth.

“Well, you’re nearly dilated to the max, so all we’re going to have to do now is start pushing.”

Harry suddenly felt very nervous. What if the baby wasn’t healthy? What if Avery couldn’t deliver the baby well? What if the doctor could tell it was his?

“Dad?” Avery said impatiently and Harry shook his head to look at his daughter.

“Yes, I’m ready, sorry,” he said positioning himself and holding her hand. “I just want you to know that I love you more than the world, Avery.”

“Yeah, me too,” she said breathing very heavily. Harry knew too well that women didn’t care about anything but focusing on getting

through the delivery and knew not to take the casual comment personally. In fact, he found it rather charming of his daughter.

“Alright, Miss Potter,” Dr. Fletingdale said from behind his mask, “this is where you’ve got to push. Think you can do that for me?” He asked positioning his hands.

“Mm hmm,” she sighed, her head tossed back, and her eyes closed. Harry watched and smiled.

“Alright, Avery, baby...let’s do this!” Harry said cheering her on. “Big breath now!”

Avery inhaled slowly and deeply then shot her head forward and pushed, moaning.

“AGGGGGGGGHHH!!!”

“Good job, Av, another one!” Harry chanted, letting her squeeze as hard as she could on his hand.

“AGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!” She turned red in the face and she was panting like a dog.

“That’s it, Miss Potter! Just a few more times and we should be out of there!” Dr. Fletingdale reassured her.

“DAMMMMMMMIT!!!!” She screamed pushing hard so that Harry could see a vein pulsing in her neck.

“I see a head!” The Doctor shouted.

“A HEAD, AVERY! C’MON! DADDY’S RIGHT HERE! PUSH!!!!”

“BLOODDY HELLL, I AMMM PUSSSHINNNG!!!”

“There’s the torso! One more push, Miss Potter and we’ll have it out! C’mon! Deep breath and push!”

“PUSH AVERY!”

“AGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” Harry’s hand nearly collapsed when she had let go after her final push.

“And we’re out!” The doctor praised. He took the baby and brought it over to the adjacent table to clean it, and Nurse Banks followed to help. Harry, meanwhile, looked down at his baby girl and smiled, bringing her hand in his and gently caressing it. He brought his face close to her ear and whispered.

“You did it, Av! I’m so proud of you! I love you so much!” He kissed her temple and watched her smile up at him with the last ounce of energy left in her.

“I couldn’t have done it without you here,” she said and touched his cheek with her palm when the doctor finally brought back a tiny bundle wrapped in yellow blankets.

“Well?” Harry asked eagerly. “Is it a boy or a girl?”

The doctor and nurse looked at one another and smiled.

“It’s a beautiful baby boy,” the doctor said.

A/N: Well? What did you think? I can't WAIT to write the next chapters...god, it's going to be terribly sad when this story is over. I never want it to end :(Anyway, tell me what you think (cough no flames cough)!!!! Hope you LIKED IT :)

Chapter 27: A Fork in the Road

"A boy..." Harry whispered, looking at the little bundle of blue that the doctor was holding.

"Do you want to hold your son Ms. Potter?" Dr. Fletingdale asked. Avery nodded, smiling but still a little weary from the birthing. The doctor handed the baby to her gently and she cradled it in her arms. Harry had not remembered the last time he had felt so happy.

"Could I have a moment alone with my daughter?"

"Sure," Fletingdale smiled and left the room with Nurse Banks. Once the door was shut, Harry looked at his beautiful daughter and his son.

"God, he's gorgeous, dad..." Avery said softly, looking down into the face of her newborn. She looked up at Harry. "He looks just like you. Are you...dad, are you crying?"

Harry had not desired to wipe away his tears for he knew more would come.

"I'm just so happy, Avery. I mean, this is just...it's the happiest day of my life." More tears spilled out of his eyes, unwillingly, but yet, he let them fall, unashamed.

"Oh, daddy...it is the greatest day. Do you want to hold him?" Harry nodded and wiped his face a little. She handed him the little bundle and smiled when he took his son up in his sturdy arms, rocking back and forth.

"Hey there, little guy," Harry's voice was extremely soft. "I'm your daddy, Harry...welcome into the world. You're very beautiful, just like your mother." His eyes met Avery's. Her eyes were now full of tears, ready to slide down her cheeks. "I love you," Harry whispered to his son. "I always will." He kissed the baby's forehead and handed him back to his girl.

"He's so cute," Harry said, watching how perfect the baby fit into her arms.

"Dad, I'm so glad you were here. I wouldn't have wanted it to be anyone else holding my hand," Avery smiled.

"Me either, baby...me either. So, what are we going to name him?"

"I want you to decide."

"Me?" Harry asked. "No, I want you to, Av...he's yours."

"He's ours, dad," Avery smiled, the baby now sleeping peacefully in her arms.

"Well...how about you pick one and I'll let you know if I think it's suitable?"

"Fair enough...I think I want his name to be Godric James."

"As in Godric Gryffindor?" Harry asked, slightly puzzled.

"Yes, because I want him to be proud to be the descendant of a powerful Gryffindor and I want him to have part of your name as his. Dad, you are such a wonderful and amazing father, and I want our son to know the same."

"Alright then, beautiful...Godric James Potter it is."

After a few days, Avery and the baby were sent home, healthy. Harry had created a bedroom out of Avery's old bedroom, and once the baby would be a few months older, they would move him into it. But for now, Godric slept in a bassinet in Harry and Avery's bedroom.

Avery returned to school after four months. She had gotten Harry's approval, as minister, to stay home until the baby could do alright without her. She had Maria send her homework to her via owl and did her homework from home. Some weekends, she went to school for tests or other important things for her exams, but other than that, she was mostly home with Godric.

After Christmas break, Avery returned to school full-time. People asked many questions about the baby, which pleased her. But one person was very upset and confused.

“So,” Riley said casually sitting across from Avery at dinner one night. “Who’s the father?”

Avery felt herself getting hot, but she kept her cool. She was a bit angered by the forwardness of his inquiry.

“It’s not anybody’s business but mine,” she replied, taking a bite of some chicken.

“Look, Av...I’m glad that you think this only affects you, but you broke up with me, remember? I think I have a right to know who it was that has taken my place...”

“Stop being such an arse,” Maria cut in. “She doesn’t want to be bothered about it, so leave it alone.”

“No one asked you to get involved,” Riley snapped. Maria looked very offended but didn’t remark.

“Stop it, both of you. Look, Riley, I’m not going to fight about this with you. When I feel ready, I’ll tell you.”

“Yeah, whatever...” He stood up, angrily, and strode out of the Great Hall.

“Ponce...” Avery muttered, taking a sip of juice.

The year flew by and Godric had turned 8 months. Avery had passed all of her exams and was now sitting with the rest of her seventh-year classmates under the sun of a perfect mid-June sky. Harry would speak, as Minister, to the graduates about their futures to commence the ceremony. He stood tall at the front of the crowd, with Ministry members sitting behind him in a perfect row of chairs.

“Good day to you all,” his echo rippled over the group of witches and wizards gathered. “On behalf of the Ministry, I would like to extend our congratulations for the numerous and wonderful accomplishments of this batch of seventh years sitting before us today.” He began to clap, followed by the other Ministry officials, and finally, the rest of the group. He picked his head up high and heaved a sigh before beginning again.

“Today...we gather not only to celebrate the completion of our young children’s seven years of education, but also to commemorate the unique individuals that are a part of such a significant group.” Harry looked down briefly at his daughter in her mahogany and gold robes and winked. “Each witch and wizard here today shares some unique facet and contributes that to the wizarding community in his or her own unique way. All these young witches and wizards are prepared and now ready to make their final steps to becoming the witches and wizards they will be the rest of their lives. Through these seven years at Hogwarts, these individuals have made mistakes, grown from those mistakes, and have become stronger. And not even the students, but some Ministry members and professors as well. I, the Minister for Magic have done quite the same.” Harry looked down at his daughter and saw the sudden confusion on her face. He took a deep breath.

“I have a confession to make.” Harry looked down at Avery’s pale face and knew she understood what was about to happen. “Just about a year and a half ago, I did something I could never take back. My course of action led to other things and now there is something that will always be there, reminding me of my actions. Granted, I do not regret what I have done to say the least. I am actually proud of what I thought was once a mistake because it has changed me as a person and has reshaped my life to make it better. And I do realize I could be sent to Azkaban for this, but I need to come clean with everyone.”

The entire crowd was watching him like a hawk, including his nerve-wrecked daughter.

“I am the father of my daughter’s baby.” The gasp that went around the entire crowd was like a rush of light wind and the muttering that followed was like a muffled engine starting. There were outbursts as well from certain parents and some Ministry members stood, ready to disarm him.

“You’re SICK!”

“THAT’S WRONG!”

“SEND HIM TO AZKABAN!”

Harry looked down at Avery, who had tears in her eyes. But then saw an even worse thing. Riley was making his way over to Avery with his wand pointed out. Harry had only a moment to grab his wand and disarm the boy, but he succeeded.

“WHAT THE BLOODY HELL?!” Riley screeched. “YOU’RE FUCKING TWISTED POTTER!”

Harry kept his wand pointed towards the boy, but his little Avery was on her feet with her wand out before anyone one could say anything.

“DON’T YOU DARE TALK TO MY FATHER THAT WAY, YOU TWIT!” Avery screamed. Riley grabbed up his wand and walked away, ignoring her, but turned back to scream out.

“YOU’RE ALL SICK! FUCKING TWISTED AND SICK!” He bellowed. Harry ignored him and let him keep walking on. He saw Neville stand in a middle row, red-faced and noticeably upset, and walk after his son. Harry brushed this aside as well.

“Look! Before anyone says anything, please hear me out...” but a high-pitched voice interrupted him and he looked down to see Avery walking up to the front of the crowd.

“Please, dad...let me handle this one. It’s my turn to be brave.” She touched his cheek, lovingly, and stepped up to the podium. Harry pointed his wand at her so that her voice would boom over the crowd as well.

"Before anyone starts throwing things at me, please hear my side of this seemingly wrong story. No one knows what it's like to grow up without a mother and be raised by a single father. It wasn't easy...for me or for Harry. I never knew what a mother's love felt like, so a lot of you are really lucky. I never knew my mum, and because I didn't have a mother, my dad and I became best friends. I knew a few years ago that I was attracted to my dad. You can't help these things, and surely I didn't expect anything to come of these feelings...but life never prepared me for the unexpected. A year ago this past Christmas, I came onto my father. I was the one who initiated it all. It was me. So, I'm begging everyone...please don't send him to Azkaban. I love this man more than anything, and no one or nothing in the world could ever change that. And yes, he did get me pregnant, but I am happy with the way things are. It's MY life...it's OUR life..." Avery looked over the crowd to see a few people nodding.

"There is nothing more special than love," Harry interjected, smiling, and coming up on his daughter by grabbing her waist. "I love my daughter and I will do anything in my power to protect her. I propose a change in the law forbidding incest. Who's with me?"

Harry observed the crowd of empty hands until he saw two hands slowly rise into the air. It was Ron and Hermione, his two best pals till the end. A few more hands shot up and then Harry turned behind him to look at the Ministry members. Only a few were raising their hands.

"Well, if the motion cannot be passed, then I am resigning as Minister." The crowd sat motionless. Everyone knew that Harry was the best Minister, but too many were now judgmental. "That's my final decision, then...I'm stepping down. Congratulations seventh years. May your futures be bright," Harry said and started walking down. As he walked, out of the corner of his eye he saw more hands rising into the air. He stopped and the hands kept rising.

Avery looked around as well, and all the Ministry members' hands were now raised and soon the entire crowd was practically raising their hands. Avery had tears in her eyes now and started clapping. Soon more clapping was heard and before Harry was back up on the platform, the entire crowd was clapping in conjunction with one

another. Harry smiled as he came back up and kissed his daughter right then and there. He could hear cheers all around him, and as weird as it was, he felt more normal than he had in years.

A/N: Well? Did you enjoy??? Hope so!!! PLEASE REVIEW!!!!!!!

Chapter 28: Epilogue

Two years later, Harry and Avery got married at Hogwarts, the place they both grew up and loved since they first had stepped foot in it. The party was huge. More people attended than they thought would and it was a beautiful and wonderful time.

A few years later, Godric had grown to be a walking, talking, giggling four year-old. Harry had continued his post as the Minister for Magic and had helped Avery raise their son to be a disciplined and well-mannered child. Avery had taken up a teaching post at Hogwarts, teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts and had another baby on the way. The doctor's had already told her it was a boy.

It was a quiet afternoon in the springtime and Avery was in her office, writing a letter to a misbehaved child's parents when Harry came into the room. She looked up and smiled.

"Hi dad...on lunch?"

"No, I was dropping in to talk to Minerva about some new school rules. You busy?"

"No, not at all...just writing to the McCormin's...Jeston is misbehaving in my class again."

Harry smiled. "Well, I'm just glad you were always well-behaved. I was thinking of taking you out for dinner tonight, if that works to your schedule?"

"That sounds lovely," she said smiling with her angelic lips. "Where are we going?"

"Some place special...don't you worry your head about it. You'll need to dress fancy."

"Oh I LOVE these surprises!" Avery smiled. She stood and walked over to Harry, wrapping her arms around his waist. "It's good to see you."

“And it’s always great to see my little angel.”

“I’m not so little anymore,” she giggled.

“No, you’re a fine young woman, though, Avery. I’ve always thought so and I always will. Merlin, you’re gorgeous. And I love you so unconditionally...” He whispered, wrapping his strong arms around her shoulders. She leaned into him kissed him slowly but with passion. When she pulled away, she smiled.

“And I love you, daddy. Always have, and I always will.”

The End.